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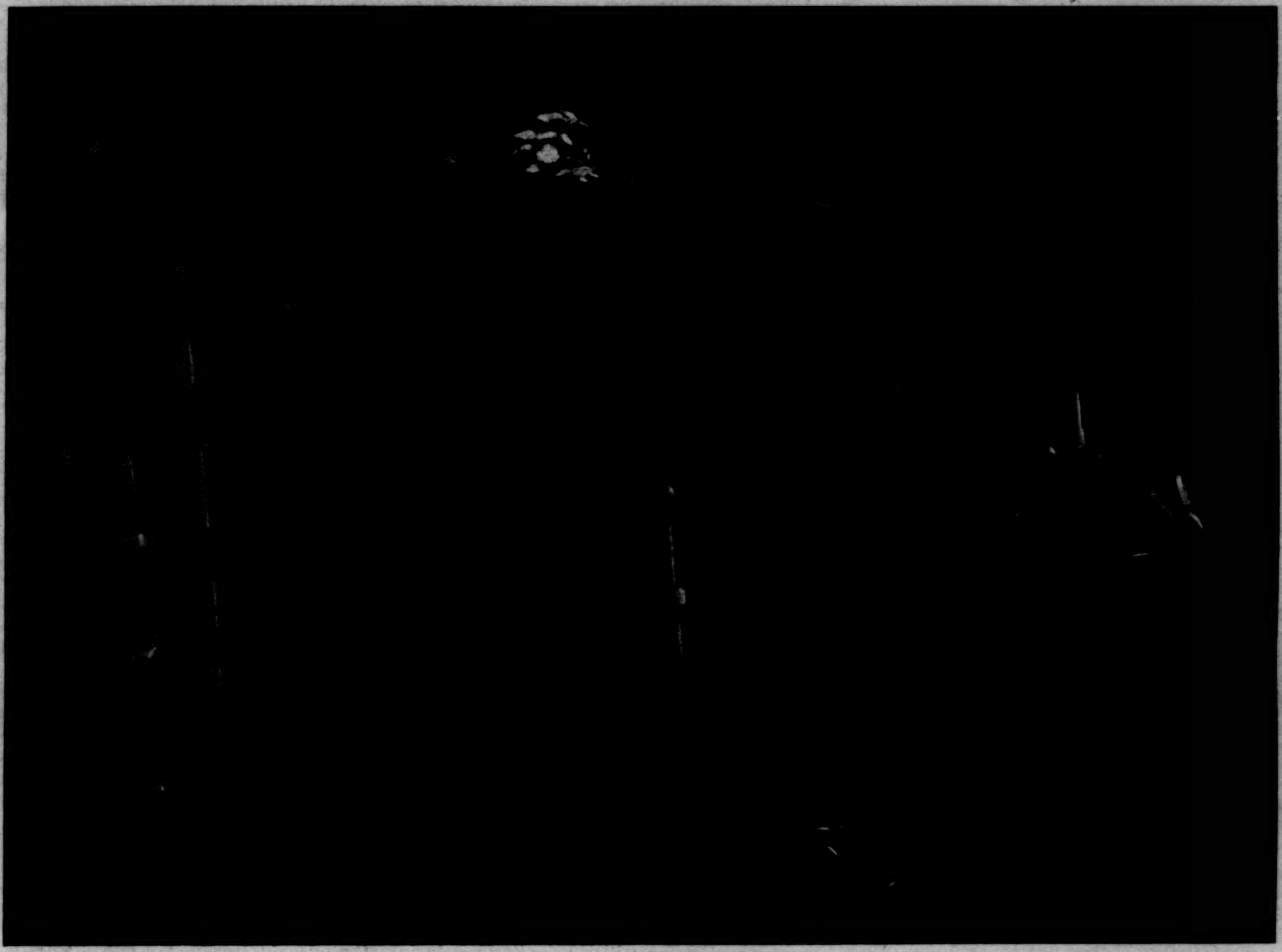

THE CAPTURED CUNARDER.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

I.

IT was the night of an Irish debate in the House of Commons, and among the listeners in the Stranger's Gallery, who were twisting themselves this way and that to catch a glimpse of the speakers—listeners mostly from the provinces, who willingly put up with the atmosphere of a common lodging-house for the sake of so unusual a treat—was a handsome man, who, dark naturally, had been tanned by exposure to tropic winds and suns to the complexion of a young and healthy Indian—brown but not sallow, the full undercurrent of blood making itself visible like the glow of a ruby in his cheeks. Plainly, from certain movements, as well as from the cut of his clothes, he was a seafaring man of some sort, though, unlike most seafaring men, who when ashore are very deliberate in their bearing, he had a quick intense way with him, particularly with his eyes, which were so sweeping and penetrating that anybody directly behind them might have been conscious of them, though their habit was to look directly ahead. Nothing was unobserved by him, nothing unheard. But the fault of so much intelligence was that his mobile face had no capacity for the concealment of feeling—approval or disapproval was at once recorded on it for all the world to mark.

The home-rule members were up in arms, and no dictionary in the world could show more synonymes of "vileness" than the member for Castle Magillicuddy had found to "hurl" (his own word) at the gentlemen on the opposition benches.

The division bell rang sharply in the lobbies, on the terrace, in the corridors, and in the dining-room, and members scurried—without regard to convenience, to dinners, and conversations just begun—to be counted with their respective parties.

The government was defeated on the division, and the young man in the gallery, who had been listening with much greater interest than those around him, rose with a petulant shrug, and passing down the winding stairs, at the foot of which a policeman towered over a rank of candidates for vacant places, soon found himself in the brilliantly lighted Palace Yard.

The beauty of the scene here held him for a moment, but he could not feel that it was in any part his. What had he just heard, just witnessed, in the House? The heel of the Englishman on the necks of his down-trodden compatriots; arrogance and contempt in reply to that eloquence from the member for Castle Magillicuddy—Castle Magillicuddy, the very place of his birth, the prettiest spot in all Kerry.

He was not of the brooding kind, however; it was seldom in an adventurous life, full of vicissitude, that he had been able to stay, or turn off, a gayety which played in him like a fountain, and burst out with all the more vigor after a stoppage. Hopeless it might be for Ireland in *there*, but things would be evened yet. He had a plan of his own to bring about a reckoning—an original plan, as audacious as it was original.

Chuckling as he thought of it, he reached the Embankment, and walked leisurely towards Hungerford Bridge, stopping now and then to lean with his arms against the stone wall, over which he could look up and down the river.

There was nothing suspicious about him, and he was unobserved. Had he been obliged to submit to an inquisition he could have given a very satisfactory account, with ample opportunities for verification. He was Felix O'Grady, mariner, aged thirty-four, captain of the screw-steamer *Rosario*, 1100 tons net register, then lying in the Waterloo Dock, Liverpool, and shipping part of an armament for a fast cruiser which the Argentine Republic had recently built.

A young man for such a post? That is explained by the fact that the *Rosario* was only a tramp steamer; though it should be added that O'Grady was qualified by natural abilities and experience to command a better ship. He had been a junior officer in the Cunard service before he got his master's certificate, but he had lost his berth there through his too rampant patriotism.

His present visit to London, in answer to a summons of the consul-general, was to end the following day, and he expected to sail for Buenos Ayres within two weeks.

He turned from the river to look through his cigar smoke at the passing crowd, and the prospect of finding any friend in it was so little within the bounds of chance that when a familiar face appeared it seemed to be part of a reverie rather than substance. But substance it was, corroborated by moonlight and lamp-light—the face of an old companion and shipmate, Domenick Quinn, who when last heard of had been a gunner in the United States navy. He was dressed like a sailor ashore—in blue pilot-cloth, with a soft felt hat.

"Domenick, old man!"

Domenick did not seem to have the nerve of a gunner as the hand of his friend fell on his shoulder. He made a dive forward, as if to escape; and then recognizing O'Grady, whispered, in a shaken voice: "'S-s-h! Come over here," dragging him across the way, where the shadows were deeper.

"What's the matter with you? And I've not seen you these five years," said O'Grady.

Domenick showed no immediate signs of rejoicing at the occasion, but looking quickly before and behind, compelled his friend by an interlocked arm to follow him. "Don't stand still, and don't talk as if you were sp'aking to a multitude," he said. "I'm engaged on important business."

"Business? And what business is that?"

Domenick moved a square brown-paper parcel he was carrying from one arm to the other and glanced at it curiously. "Business," he repeated.

"And what's that you've got there, Domenick, that seems to make you so un'asy?"

"'Tis a musical box, that is," replied Domenick, again shifting the package.

"A musical box! And how many tunes will it play?"

"It will play the 'Wearin' of the Green,'" for instance.

"Anything else?"

(*Continued on page 563.*)

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE effort made by many women and men of excellent standing in the community to induce our Constitutional Convention to strike out the word "male" from the State Constitution, and thus to put the two sexes upon a footing of political equality, has given the question of woman suffrage an unusual prominence. It is probable that if the people of the Empire State assented to so radical an innovation, the movement would receive a powerful impulse throughout the country, and have a chance of success where at present it appears hopeless. The action of this State is therefore likely to be of great influence far beyond its boundaries. It must also be admitted that in the public discussions of this subject now taking place the women who advocate woman suffrage have in some respects a decided advantage over their sisters who oppose it. The foremost among the female champions of "the cause" do not shrink from appearing upon the public stage; they are mostly "accustomed to public speaking," and speak well; and they are able to turn to their advantage a good many of those catch phrases taken as political axioms by our people in revolutionary times, or on occasions of self-glorification, although those phrases were never intended to carry the meaning which the woman suffragists now give them. Still, they make captivating battle-cries, and are used sometimes with effect. On the other hand, the women who oppose woman suffrage, and who believe that the circle of the duties of woman centres in the family, and that she should not permit herself to be unnecessarily drawn into publicity, are by their very principles debarred from demonstrative public manifestations of their views. The "campaign" is therefore, so far as their aggressive vigor and their argumentative vocabulary are concerned, strongly in favor of the woman-suffragists.

But in another respect they find a difficulty in their way which gives their opponents a decided advantage. There was a time when the American people flattered themselves with the pleasing thought that they had succeeded in finally solving the problem of democratic government. The public mind is no longer in this state of self-congratulation. The number of American citizens who are much troubled by the miscarriages of democratic government in the nation, in the States, and especially in our municipalities, is very large and constantly growing. We do not believe that many of them would seriously think of substituting for the present form of government another form not democratic. But we are very sure, the idea that the evils we now complain of can be cured by further extensions of the suffrage, is, after the experiences we have had, entertained by but very few, if any, thinking men. On the contrary, the belief is fast gaining ground that in the democratization of our institutions by enlargements of the suffrage we have gone fully as far as the safety of the republic will warrant, and that it is much more advisable to sift the body of voters by educational requirements and the like, than to expand it by indiscriminating additions.

The advocates of woman suffrage are certainly entitled to great respect, and there is much force in many of their arguments. When a woman of high character and culture asks us why she should not have the right to vote while a plantation negro or an immigrant knowing nothing of American institutions or of the English language has that right, the appeal to our sympathies is very strong. But calm reason tells us that, after all, the highly educated woman and the plantation negro and the ignorant man from abroad do not stand upon the same level of comparison. If woman suffrage meant only the enfranchisement of the women of high character and good education, there would be little opposition among the men, provided such women actually desired the ballot. But the introduction of woman suffrage means also the enfranchisement of those classes of women who correspond in character and education to the plantation negro and the ignorant immigrant. And now, admitting that among the men enjoying the right to vote there are very many whose mental and moral fitness for the exercise of political privileges is at least doubtful, the question arises whether it would be wise to increase in so sweeping a manner, as it would be done by the general enfranchisement of woman, the proportion of persons of doubtful fitness in the voting body.

It is no answer to this question that as the fit women would be enfranchised with the unfit, the proportion between fit and unfit would, in the voting body, remain on the whole about the same. For here the difference between man and woman, the existence of which even the most enthusiastic suffragist will after all not deny, comes into consideration. One of our troubles is that among male voters the so-called better classes, the well educated and refined, take generally a much less active part in that political activity which has a direct bearing upon the exercise of the suffrage, as well as in the act of voting itself, than the less well educated and refined, the so-called lower classes. Another is that many voters are ignorant or careless of public questions, or easily reached by dangerous influences, or apt to be controlled by personal considerations or blind party spirit, or have only one object in view, and sacrifice to it all others. Now, if men of refinement are deterred from the necessary political activity by the rudeness of the contacts inseparable from them, is it not probable that refined women will be still more so deterred? Is it not probable that many women, belonging to the most estimable element of society, would keep aloof from all contact with politics on principle, believing it to be outside of their sphere? Is it not probable that even more female than male voters would be ignorant or careless of public questions, or easily reached and controlled by extraneous, especially sectarian, influences, or personal considerations, or anything that appeals more to the emotions than to reason? Is it not probable, in one word, that, while doubtless a limited element of excellent quality would be added to the voting force, not only the positive quantity, but the proportion in it of the element to which some of our most serious troubles are owing, would be largely increased? Even if we were to admit, for argument's sake, that to these questions there are different answers, is it not certain that so tremendous an addition to the voting force as the granting of unqualified woman suffrage would effect, would involve at least the possibility of a dangerous increase of those evils which the best thought of the country is at present painfully struggling to remedy?

Under such circumstances there would seem to be good reason for the following protest, which, signed by a large number of women, has been sent to the Constitutional Convention: "We, women, citizens of the State of New York (twenty-one years of age), believing that it would be against the best interests of the State to give women unqualified suffrage, thus taking an irrevocable step, at a time when the country is already burdened with many unsolved problems, do protest against striking out the word 'male' from Article II., Section 1, of the Constitution." The woman who wrote this protest has the mind of a statesman. It hits the nail on the head with rare precision. Against the striking common-sense of this one sentence all the able and beautiful speeches made by the advocates of woman suffrage about equal rights and representation with taxation, and so on, avail nothing. Woman suffrage may eventually come. It may appear at some future time even very desirable. But will it not be wise to get more light on the problems which now perplex us, before adding to them, without the possibility of recall, a new complication which may immensely increase their difficulties? As good citizens, we should not permit ourselves one moment to forget that this is very serious business, in the treatment of which we should keep our feelings and sympathies well in hand.

THE SUGAR SCANDAL.

THE Senate investigation into the sugar scandal has already resulted in a sworn verification of the charge that the trust has compelled the adoption of the rates provided in the original WILSON bill and in the pending Senate bill. The Senate rates give a protection concerning which experts differ. Those who are opposed to the trust assert that it is quite equal to the protection of the half-cent a pound contained in the MCKINLEY law, while the trust contends that it is not so much as that. Its representatives, however, do not specify the exact amount of protection afforded by the bill, leaving it to be assumed, therefore, that it is at least nearly as much as that which they enjoy with free raw material, and a half-cent a pound on refined sugar, with a tenth of a cent discriminating duty against sugars imported here from countries paying a bounty on exports. The trust has dictated this sugar schedule; whether it is entirely satisfactory or not, it is better than free sugar so far as the refiners are concerned.

The sugar schedule has been the centre of contention since the time when the Ways and Means Committee began the task of preparing their tariff bill. Most of the older revenue-reformers in Congress and the administration favored the restoration of a tax on raw sugars for revenue purposes. Sugars had been placed on the free list to prevent or delay revenue reform by reducing the government's income. The support of the planters to this scheme was insured by the grant of a bounty to domestic sugar-growers. There is no doubt that the task of restoring sugar duties was difficult, for there was a decided feeling against any proposition to increase the price of this necessary article. The Ways and Means Committee, however, provided for sugar duties; but a strong band of Democratic Representatives, following the lead of Mr. JOHN DEWITT WARNER, of this city, defeated the proposition, and passed an amendment which placed all sugar on the free list.

The trust's agents had already appeared in Washington. Taking advantage of the demand of the Democratic representatives of the planting interest, whose bounty was certain to be repealed, they made a coalition with them. They prepared their schedules and offered their terms to the Democratic leaders whom the people had charged with the duty of lowering tariff taxes. The Ways and Means Committee yielded to the influence of these people, especially as even at that early day threats were made that certain Senators, calling themselves Democrats, would vote against any tariff bill whose sugar schedule was not satisfactory to the trust. These threats disturbed and alarmed the administration. The President's desire that some tariff bill should be passed was in danger of disappointment. Therefore the administration surrendered. The courage it had displayed when the bill repealing the SHERMAN law was pending seemed to have vanished. The virtuous obstinacy which defeated all attempts at compromise on the silver question, and finally compelled the triumph of the President's policy through the votes of unwilling Senators, was not exerted to carry out the main purpose for which Mr. CLEVELAND and a Democratic Congress had been elected. The administration accepted what it regarded as inevitable without making the supreme effort that the occasion demanded, and which, *a priori*, was much more likely of success than the similar effort it made on the silver question, because it was much easier for Democratic Senators to stand for convictions and principles than for a bargain which, in public opinion at least, is tainted with corruption.

Up to this point there was very little talk of corruption. The trust had won a victory in the Ways and Means Committee, and had obtained a protective duty on refined sugar. No one thought of charging Mr. WILSON with entering into a corrupt bargain, and even now there is not a particle of evidence affecting the uprightness of the administration. But the way had been prepared, and no sooner had the bill reached the Senate than the sugar scandal broke forth. The bad precedent of McKinleyism had been adopted. The party that was placed in power to make a tariff for the consumers, to lighten burdens, to increase commerce, to open markets, to tax the people for public revenues instead of private profits, had begun to follow the old fashion of bargaining with manufacturers and trusts, and had considered their profits in more than one schedule of their measure.

The sugar schedule was the most flagrant instance. No sooner had the bill reached the Senate than the prediction of the trust's agents was realized. Senators on the Democratic side insisted that there should be a protective sugar duty or no tariff bill. The planter Senators united with others to block the bill until their demands should be accepted. At once the question became not one of revenue, but, on one side, how little would the trust and their Senators accept, and, on the other, how much can the trust force from the Democratic majority. And in this struggle the trust won.

In its defeat the Senate has lost irreparably. It is believed by the country that the trust has been paid for a generous contribution to the Democratic campaign fund. It is clear that there was a connection between the Senate-Chamber and Wall Street, and that fortunes were made in New York on news of what was to happen received from those who knew in Washington. Charges have been made in the newspapers and on the floor of the Senate itself that Senators have speculated in sugar securities. One Senator, Mr. MCPHERSON, has acknowledged speculations of himself and his son, and his explanation that the telegram giving the order for the last purchase of sugar stock was supposed to have been destroyed, but was unwittingly carried to the telegraph office by a servant, will not help him in public estimation. It is believed that the trust's dependence on certain Democratic Senators could have been based only on pecuniary considerations, for no principle is involved in a duty to protect the sugar trust, and Democratic Senators would not threaten to defeat their party in its vital principle without some deep motive. Whether that motive was gratitude for party or for personal favors it was corrupt, and neither the Senate nor the party will be relieved of the odium of this monstrous scandal until these men cease to be members of the one and leaders of the other.

The country's interest lies chiefly in the degradation of the Senate. That body is tainted as it never was before. The corruption of the Crédit Mobilier scandal invaded the House of Representatives, but the sugar scandal is the Senate's. It is apparent that speculators are at the fountain-head of national legislation, and that the popular will may be defeated whenever the pockets of Senators can be successfully

appealed to. Whatever may come of the investigation that is going on, so much is known and believed that the country has lost faith in the Senate's integrity.

As for the bill itself, it too is tainted. No matter what small virtues it possesses, the purchased sugar schedule ruins it. Unless the House can cut out that corruption, the bill should be defeated for the sake of decency, of the country, of tariff reform itself, and as a protest against the sale of legislation, either for campaign funds or for the pecuniary gains of Senators.

A SUCCESSFUL INVESTIGATION.

The Lexow Investigating Committee has been unexpectedly successful. Its revelations of police iniquity have justified not only every charge that has been made against these faithless public servants, but every suspicion of them that has been entertained by the good citizens of New York. It is now definitely determined that police captains and their immediate subordinates are guilty of selling protection to loathsome vice. Some of them have grown rich on the proceeds of the vilest trade that human beings carry on. There are doubtless many professional criminals who would scorn to touch the money that women have paid to police captains and their ward detectives by way of "initiation fees" and monthly dues. Dr. Parkhurst, in his appeal to the patrolmen to seize the opportunity to come forward and testify to what they know in order that they may remove the stigma now resting on the force, expressed his opinion that a majority of the men are honest when they join the service, and would prefer to remain honest. He is doubtless right; but no one believes that the police captains and ward men alone are guilty. Their superiors need investigation. The Commissioners themselves, who are assuming an air of horrified surprise at the discoveries made by the Lexow Committee, are not above suspicion. Who has shared with the captains? How many officials of the city have partaken of this mean iniquity? Is it part of this fund that has gone to swell the millions of tribute that annually pour into the pockets of the chairman of Tammany's Finance Committee? Mr. Croker has probably kept a memorandum of the sources of his official income. At least he must have a general knowledge of them, and the committee will not do its duty unless he is called as a witness. It may be that, once on the witness-stand, he will be ready to answer that interesting question which has been so often put to him, "Why is Croker rich?"

The Legislature shunned the duty of investigating the corruption that was known to prevail in this city as long as it could. It was because popular indignation was stronger than Platt's will that the Lexow Committee was finally appointed. Even after this concession had been made to public opinion, it was evidently the intention of the investigators to confine their inquiry within the smallest possible bounds, and to use it mainly for partisan ends. But the tide was too strong, and they have now been swept into an investigation which has already convicted the police captains, and has established the relation between Tammany Hall and the criminal classes to the satisfaction of the most optimistic doubter.

The discoveries—or rather the verifications of long-existing suspicions—made before the Lexow Committee will be of great assistance in the struggle against Tammany rule that is coming on. For what the Legislature has granted the good citizens and the press of New York have themselves, and no one else, to thank. Neither Mr. Platt nor the Republican Senators would have taken any steps towards revealing the criminal character of Tammany Hall if they had not been forced. The next Legislature will doubtless be more ready to do its duty in this respect, for the testimony taken by the Lexow Committee will give a substance and force to public sentiment that will make it irresistible.

A reflection of great moment that is suggested by this investigation is that a great deal more might have been accomplished if the general investigation which was proposed by the Weekly and other journals as soon as the results of last November's election were known had been undertaken. It is hardly probable that such low forms of wickedness would have been found prevailing in other departments as has been shown to exist in the police force, but there is no doubt that evidence against the police would beget evidence against connate Tammany bodies; revelation would breed revelation, and it would be definitely established that every nook and corner of the city government under Tammany administration is essentially rotten. Some day all this crime and corruption will be dragged out into the light.

The work has just begun. Enough is known to make it evident that purification is needed everywhere, and that it will require the earnest and united efforts of all good citizens. For what has been accomplished the city owes no thanks to any politician or to any party, but to its press, to Dr. Parkhurst and his associates, and to the awakened conscience of its own best people.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF FORESTS.

The maxims that a person must use his land so as not to injure that of his neighbor, and that the state represents communal interests against those of individuals, as well as those of the future against those of the present, are well established. Upon these the logical premises of governmental control of large forest areas may be safely based. It becomes no less a governmental duty to impose a penalty for the ruthless destruction of forests protecting the main sources of a stream, when such destruction deprives the owners of the lands below of some of the fertility of their soil by a material lessening of the water-flow, and exposes their property to the ravages of turbulent torrents, than it is to impose a penalty upon the person who carries away a portion of his neighbor's matured crop. One has hitherto been termed "natural sequences" or "inevitable necessity"; the other, "theft."

In representing communal interests the state has in view the rights of the individuals that are injured by the impeding of navigation, the loss of water-power and of the productiveness of the soil, that represent to the community higher transportation rates and increased cost of manufacture and living, not to include the indirect climatic and industrial benefits of the forest; and lastly, that the virgin forest is a trust fund, the income of which alone is payable to the present. Having passed through the pioneer period to that of a developed nation, it is opportune, if not essential, to view these maxims as now germane in our progress to the new confronting conditions, and briefly in relation to the Federal government will these be considered.

Chiefly it is argued against saving the forests that lumber supplies and additional agricultural area are required. As to the first, forest preservation implies the highest possible yield of timber from an area by scientific culling, yet leaving the unmatured crop to furnish and maintain that covering necessary for sustaining an equable water-flow and preventing erosion of the soil. For agricultural lands Nature has so arranged the surface characteristics of the present forest districts of the country that they are confined almost entirely to mountainous localities unadapted to farming purposes. The abandoned farms of to-day on the hills and mountains of New England demonstrate the unsuitableness of their steep rocky slopes for any growth save that of forest. The trees removed, frost and rain soon sweep away the thin earth covering to fill the diminished streams below, and leave behind alike the broken hopes of the settler and nature desolate. Turn, though, from the East and the past to the West and the present and consider the physical features as there presented in the relationship of forest to agriculture.

It is stated in the Hayden Survey that "Upon the peaks, ranges, and forests embraced between the 105th and 107th meridians and the 38th and 41st parallels, an area not exceeding 18,000 square miles, depend in a great measure the agricultural resources (by irrigation) of an area of more than 100,000 square miles." Within this wild mountain region of public lands in Colorado such rivers as the North and South Platte, the Rio Grande, and the Arkansas have their sources. Denuding these mountain-slopes of their protecting forests would add little if any tillable land, and by lessening the water-flow in these rivers would prevent the reclamation of many thousand acres now reached by the water collected and slowly distributed from the catchment areas of this district. That over two-thirds of the United States, aside from Alaska, requires irrigation to insure regular crops reveals the value of a stable water-supply to future fields for farming. A committee of the United States Senate recently investigating irrigation in the West, summarizing, says, "The forest lands are of limited extent, and are being rapidly burned, and need protection. . . . They [the farmers] are alone dependent upon them for their full supply of water for irrigation." So much for the argument that forest-preservation lessens lumber-supplies and agricultural area.

History demonstrates both abroad and here that government aid must be secured to maintain these desired benefits. The individual seeks the gain of to-day; the future results of that gain are unconsidered. France learned this lesson of individual ownership at a cost already of some $40,000,000 for reforesting to control torrents and preserve agricultural lands, and the end is yet unattained. In setting aside the Yellowstone Valley as a national park the Federal government in 1872 took its first step towards preserving its forests upon the public lands, though inadvertently, as the actuating motive was one of maintaining the natural beauties of that since world-famed locality. Twenty years later the Senate committee above referred to reports, "Hundreds of millions of dollars may yet be added to the nation's wealth as a consequence of the National Park (the Yellowstone) reservation."

These twenty years witnessed many bills introduced in Congress to continue this saving of the public forests, but until 1892 they all met oblivion in some committee. In this year an act was passed empowering the President to set aside forest lands for "reserves" from the public timber lands, then estimated to contain about 50,000,000 acres. The law also unfortunately provided for cutting by individuals upon public lands, subject only to the department regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, and this officer can be quoted that experience has shown it was difficult to preserve the timber even with direct penalties for trespass, and under the statute, unless modified or repealed, little timber would be left in a short time.

The President in exercising his new prerogative established by proclamation the following reservations in 1892: The Grand Cañon, in Arizona, containing about 1,900,000 acres; the San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, of 555,000 acres; Sierra, of 4,096,000 acres, in Mono, Mariposa, Fresno, Tulare, Inyo, and Kern counties, California; San Bernardino, of 737,280, and the Trabuco Cañon, of 50,000 acres, in the same State. In Colorado is the White River Plateau, 1,198,000 acres; Pike's Peak, 184,000 acres; Plum Creek, 179,000; the South Platte, 683,000 acres; Battlement Mesa, 858,000 acres; the Pecos River, of 311,000 acres, in New Mexico. Oregon has Bull Run, of 142,000 acres; Washington, the Pacific, 967,680 acres; and Wyoming, the Yellowstone, which, adjoining the National Park on the east and south, contains 1,200,000 acres. These figures are but approximate, as being based on exterior boundary-lines, which in instances are invaded by private lands, yet it represents an approximate total of some 13,000,000 acres, a material advance in the hitherto apathetic position of the Federal government towards the subject. How important a subject it is can be seen when, after a thorough examination of the arid region by the Senate committee, it was estimated that certainly 1,000,000 acres could be brought under cultivation by irrigation, and by means of the water in sight. That irrigated land is more productive than the land dependent alone upon a rainfall is known, and to obtain and maintain this vast agricultural area the forest covering of the catchment areas that supply its rivers must be preserved. To this vast agricultural wealth obtained add that arising from scientific lumbering, and the importance of the subject is realized.

The setting apart of the "forest reserves" is but half-way towards the end sought. Unguarded they are subject to the depredations of lumber-thieves and ravages of fire. It required eight years for the government to appoint a custodian of the Yellowstone Park, and then *one* man was appointed to guard an area of over three thousand square miles. Of late years the park has been guarded carefully by the army, and one or two of the "reserves" have also been placed in charge of this department. This, however, does not give what the present has a right to expect—the revenue from the cutting of matured trees that now fall in decay, neither furnishing the annual growing income as material to man nor revenue to the government.

The *per capita* consumption of wood in the United States is 350 cubic feet, as against from 12 to 40 cubic feet in European countries. It requires an annual growth of 500,000,000 acres to supply the demand. It is estimated that there is at present less than that average left of our great virgin forests. The income is now being consumed and the capital drawn upon. Future lumber-supply and a stable water-flow depend largely on forest growth. In the West especially the arid regions have their value in the most productive utilization of all water now in sight flowing equably during the seasons. Shall these depend on the caprice of individuals, or upon a developed policy of the Federal government, that chiefly owns the present forest lands, is the question of the present.

UNITING AT THE TOP.

The discussions of the Congress of Religions during the World's Fair, and expressions that have since emanated from leading exponents of the religious thought of the time, show a tendency toward union of purpose in the more elevated regions of faith, and it is full of promise for mankind. Matthew Arnold was fond of speaking of the English Church as a National Society for the Promotion of Goodness, and while he chose to be a member of the society, he had little regard for its ancient constitution and by-laws. Its work and influences were the main thing.

In the higher ranks of all religions there is more and more a recognition of the common purpose of elevating and purifying the human race, of mitigating the sufferings and degradation of mankind, by whatever means may be most effective. This purpose is held by the most enlightened teachers of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, as well as those of all sections of the Christian Church and of the Jewish Synagogue, and as it becomes clearer and more earnest, bigotry and intolerance wither in its light. It is shared, too, by sincere men of science and by all real philosophers. It is the common ground of intelligent and earnest men of any faith or of no faith, in the narrower sense, based on a conviction that whatever may be the destiny of man, we of this world must work toward it by purifying and elevating mundane life.

Differences may long endure as to forms of organization, as to the points of belief upon which agreement is thought to be necessary for effectively working together, and as to the best methods of promoting the common purpose in a race of beings still so far from the culmination of the evolutionary process. But

"Through all the ages one increasing purpose runs,"

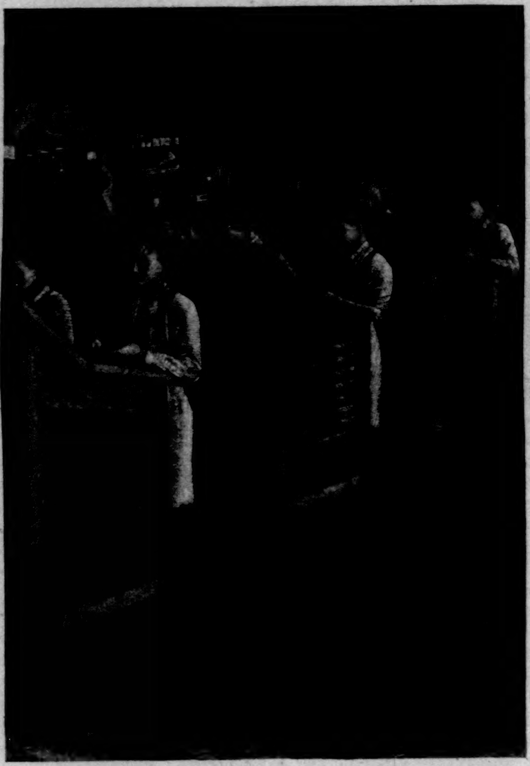
and as the number of those who recognize and cherish it multiplies, as the leaven of enlightenment permeates lower and lower in the mass, the differences dwindle in importance, and will dwindle in extent until the brotherhood of men shall be established.

The bickerings and contentions, the heresy disputes and trials, which still vex the theological world do not enlist in their acrimonious warfare the loftiest minds and purest souls of the sects which they disturb, and the differences do not touch the essential purpose of man's religion. We see the best teachers of every faith giving less and less heed to matters of dispute, and laying more and more stress upon sentiments common to them all, with a view to promoting "goodness" among men as the one means of salvation for the race. Above the lines of sectarian division there is a blending in a common faith, a uniting at the top, and the spires of the church, the domes of the temple, and even the minarets of the mosque are beginning to glow in a light that is recognized as having the same source.

THE KITCHEN.

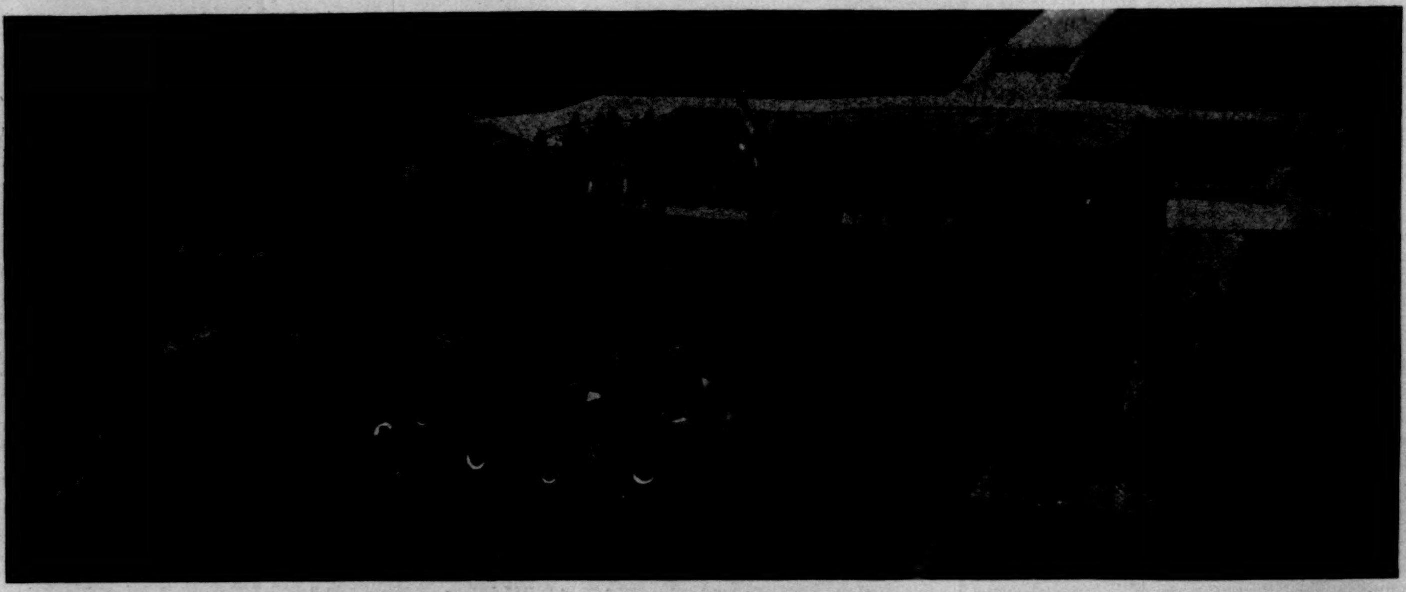
THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

THE CARPENTER SHOP.



THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

THE TAILOR SHOP.



THE CADET BATTALION.

THE WHITTIER STATE SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 559.]

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE W. BRECK.

THE HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

BY HENRY L. DAWES.

THE senior Senator from Ohio has been a conspicuous character in the politics of the country for more than forty years, and for nearly all that time has been a leader in the councils and policy of the political party with which he has been associated. When only twenty-five years of age he was a prominent young Whig in the National Convention which nominated General Taylor for the Presidency in 1848. And again in 1852 he was a member and secretary of the last Whig Convention, which nominated General Scott. He was elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress when a little past thirty years of age, in 1854, and has been in the public service continuously till the present time, an unusual period of forty years. Only the distinguished Senator from Vermont, Hon. Justin S. Morrill, has had an equal term of continuous public service.

Mr. Sherman, although at that time one of the youngest of the new members in a Congress of remarkably able men, took at once a prominent position among the leaders in his own party, itself new and untried in public affairs, and as yet with an uncertain and feeble hold on power. This was the Congress in which the ever-memorable Kansas-Nebraska conflict arose, and in which political parties were so nearly equal that a Speaker was only chosen by a plurality after three months of ineffectual balloting. Here mettle, talent, and cool judgment, a rare combination of qualities conspicuous in all his subsequent career, pointed him out at once as one safe to follow in troublesome times. And the place thus gained at the very beginning of his service has been maintained without dispute throughout all the eventful and perilous years in which his life has been devoted to the public service. These have been years which have no parallel in the history of the country for the importance and far-reaching consequences of the political movements in which the lives of public men are involved. They began in the fierce preliminary conflict which resulted in the civil war, and continued through all its burdens, its woes, its upheavals, and desolation; through also the troubles and disturbances which financial heresies of the wildest and most preposterous character brought upon the country after the war was over, as well as the unrest and mutual distrust which they have aroused between labor and capital, with the as yet unsolved social problems to which these have given rise, and which are still the occasion of earnest inquiry. There has never been a day in all that time in which the demand upon the highest statesmanship has not been imperative. Nor in it all has John Sherman failed to rise to the height of the public need and expectation. He is today, although in his gray hairs and past threescore years and ten, the counsellor and leader of his political associates in the Senate, with a mind stored, as none other in public life, with the knowledge of public affairs, and with a comprehension of their demands upon the public servant unequalled in any contemporary.

The points are salient all along the line of his service in which the qualities so marked in him have made him the chief instrumentality in the accomplishment of large and lasting results. In his very first Congress he was appointed, with William A. Howard, also a new member, upon a committee to investigate, on the ground, the crimes that were being committed against a free people on the plains of Kansas. The remarkable report of these two new members was so clear, so convincing, and so irrefutable that the extension of slavery into new territory became thereafter impossible, and the scale was from that moment turned in favor of free soil and free men. He became at once a leader so prominent in the next House in resisting the attempts of the slave power to regain its lost ground that at the opening of the Thirty-sixth Congress he was selected with great unanimity by his party for the office of Speaker, and commanded its undivided support during one of the most memorable struggles over the organization of the House of which there is any record. This contest continued for more than six weeks and for forty ineffectual ballots, his party lacking two or three votes of a majority. He finally withdrew from the contest, that another might take his place who could secure the necessary votes from outside organizations. His patriotic speech in withdrawing made him the leader of the House in fact, more even than the Speaker himself—the pilot in the storm that was gathering in its fury at the beginning and burst upon the nation in open war before the end of that Congress.

On the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Sherman left the House to take the place in the Senate made vacant by Judge Chase, who had been called into Mr. Lincoln's cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. That place he has occupied ever since, a period of thirty-three years, with the exception of four years when he was himself Secretary of the

Treasury under President Hayes. He is now the oldest member of that body in continuous service, and stands with Mr. Morrill, who entered public life at the same time, one of the two longest in Congressional service.

Mr. Sherman carried into the Senate the same commanding influence he had exerted in the House, and at once entered into the active and important deliberations of that body during the critical and perilous period of the war, and into those which followed it involving the reconstruction, rehabilitation, and restoration of the insurrectionary States to their proper relations to the Union. But his most important work, and that with which his name will always be most closely associated, has been connected during this period with the restoration of the currency to a sound and stable basis. The country has yet to fully appreciate the value of that service, for it does not yet see clearly the peril it has escaped. Nor does it yet measure its own persistency in rushing upon that peril. The way from an irredeemable paper currency at a discount of two and a half for one, into which the country had sunk during the war, up to an interchange at par of all paper and all coin at all times and everywhere, has been a long and weary one, beset with difficulties at times almost insurmountable. It is not too much to say that at every turning-point in that long journey the labors of Mr. Sherman have proved a most effective if not essential element of the success achieved. Many of the measures necessary for the recovery of the ground lost during the war originated with him, and all of them found in him that support which comes alone from a thorough knowledge and the courage of conviction. He led in the first check upon the down grade which set on foot the redemption of hitherto irredeemable greenbacks, and was the champion, if not the author, of that first great act of General Grant's administration which pledged the government to the payment of all its obligations in coin. To the same origin and support may be traced that equally grand enactment the redemption act of 1874, which put all paper money on a par with gold coin in 1879. And in support of these great financial measures he has stood as a barrier against every attempt to substitute cheap money of any kind—whether it be silver at a discount or wild-cat paper—for the currency of the Constitution, that of gold and silver and national paper at all times interchangeable at par.

Mr. Sherman is one of the ablest debaters of the Senate, a rank he has held among all his contemporaries from his entrance into public life. He does not owe this excellence to any artifice of oratory, to personal magnetism, or to exuberance of rhetoric, but to the conviction he impresses upon those who hear him that he speaks of that which he understands better than they do, and seeks only to make clear his own conclusions. He is impersonal when he debates, and pays little heed to the consistency of his own record if new conditions or further study have led to modification or disavowal of previous utterances. He is great enough not to hesitate when mistake is made apparent, and holds all theories and all conclusions subject to revision and correction.

The record of four years of Treasury administration by Mr. Sherman stands out among the ablest and the cleanest of the many able and clean administrations of that great department of the government. None has been more free from scandal or more open to the inquest of every citizen. The public credit suffered no shock, but grew stronger, and the public funds rose higher in the markets of the world from month to month under his management. No legitimate business interest withered under the frown or took root because of the smile of this department while in his hands. He delivered it over to his successor stamped with business methods of the highest order, and strong in the public confidence.

Public attention has been so constantly drawn to the important service rendered by Mr. Sherman in all financial discussions, and to the large share he has had in the safe guidance of the government through its many financial perils, that his influence upon the politics of the country has not received that appreciation to which it is entitled, and which but for this greater service it would have commanded. And yet, while he has been an acknowledged authority on all the most important questions touching the public credit at home and abroad, and the safety and stability of the great business interests of the country, yet he has been at the same time a potent factor in shaping the measures and policy of the political party with which he acts. He would have early won the highest honors of the republic had he possessed more of the running qualities of a candidate and less of the unbending convictions of the statesman. But opportunity surrendered to duty is the crown of the patriot.

Without that brilliancy which, sparkling like uncorked champagne, so fascinated all who listened to his distinguished brother the general, his conversation has nevertheless a peculiar interest and attractiveness, because always full of new and fresh suggestions growing out of matters of public concern holding for the time public attention. He leaves the glitter and tinsel of light talk to others, striving only to make the useful attractive and entertaining. He is a gentleman more of the old than the new school, dignified in deportment, and affable and easy in manners. His great business brain has served him well so far as this world's goods are concerned, and he maintains in an elegant house which he has himself erected in Washington a style of living becoming one who has occupied for nearly half a century with distinguished ability and honor high places of trust in the republic. His long public service has told little on his vigor of mind or body. To those who began public life with him he seems as young as ever, and still good for many a year of battle with heresy, whether in finance or politics. He never stood as high in the public estimation as to-day, nor enjoyed a more unreserved confidence, and the influence he is exerting in these troublesome times is wider than ever before. In his own State of Ohio, which has stood by him uninterruptedly for fifty years, his hold upon public regard and confidence is stronger than ever, and in the nation all parties respect him and all patriots trust him. A public servant thus tried and proved is a public guide in whose following there is national safety and national honor.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

"EXODUS."

BILLY STRANG was dreaming happy dreams—dreams of action and adventure, in which he figured not as the morbid cripple, but as the straight-limbed hero. Matt was generally with him in these happy hunting-grounds of sleep, dear old Matt, who had become a creature of dream to his waking life. But absorbed as Billy was in this phantasmagoric happiness, he was still the sport of every unwonted sound from the real world. His tremulous nerves quivered at the first shock, ready to flash back to his brain the bleaker universe of aches and regrets and rancorous household quarrels.

To-night he sat up suddenly, with a premonition of something strange, and gazed into the darkness of the bedroom, seeing only the dim outline of the other bed in which his two younger brothers slept. After a long moment of mysterious rustling, a thin ray of light crept in under the door, then the handle turned very softly, and his mother glided in swiftly, bearing a candle that made a monstrous shadow follow and bend over her. She was fully dressed in out-door attire, wearing her bonnet and sacque.

Her eyes were wide with excitement and shone weirdly, and the whole face wore an uncanny look.

Billy trembled in cold terror. His mouth opened gaspingly.

"'Sh-h-h-h," whispered his mother, putting a forefinger to her lips. Then in hurried accents she breathed, "Quick, get up and dress at once!"

Magnetized by her face, he slipped hastily from the bed, too awed to question.

"'Sh-h-h-h," she breathed again, "or you'll wake Ruth." Then moving with the same noiseless precipitancy, her shadow now growing to giant, now dwindling to dwarf, "Quick, quick, children," she whispered, shaking them. The two little boys sat up, dazed by sleep and the candle, and were silently bundled out of bed, yawning and blinking, and automatically commencing to draw on the socks they found thrust into their hands.

"Your best clothes," she whispered to Billy, throwing open the cupboard in which they hung.

The action seemed to loosen his tongue.

"But it ain't Sunday," he breathed.

"'Sh-h-h-h. To-day is a holiday. Put them on quick, quick," she replied, in the same awful whisper. "We are going out of the land of bondage in haste with our loins girded. And lo! in the morning in every house there was one dead."

She set down the candle on the little bare wooden table, where it gleamed solemnly in the gaunt room. Then she fell to feverishly helping the children to dress, darting violently from one to another, and half paralyzing Billy, whose fumbling freezing fingers could not keep pace with her frantic impatience. He dropped a boot, and the sound seemed to echo through the silent house like a diabolical thunder-clap. He cowered before her blazing eyes as she picked up the boot and violently dumped his foot into it.

"Are we going out, mother?" he said, so as not to scream. His words sounded sinister and terrible to himself.

"Yes—I'll go and see if the girls are finished dressin'." She took up the candle, and her whisper grew sterner. "Don't make a sound!"

"But where are we goin', mother?" he said, to detain her for an instant.

"Goin' home. We're throwin' up the position!" And for the first time the exultation in her voice raised it above a whisper. Then, putting her forefinger to her lip again, "Not a sound!" she breathed, menacingly, and moved on tiptoe to the door, her face set and shining, her shadow tumbling grotesquely on the walls and ceilings.

"A-a-a-h!" Billy fell back on the bed, screaming. Like a flash his mother turned; her hand was clapped fiercely over his mouth.

"You little devil!" she hissed. "What do you mean by disobeyin'?"

"The light! The light!" he gurgled.

She withdrew her hand. "What are you shakin' 'bout? There's light 'nough." She drew up the blind, and a faint moonlight blurred itself through the frosty glass. "An' your brothers are with you, you big booby."

"I'll go with you," he gasped, clutching at her skirt.

"With that crutch o' yours, you pesky eyesore!" she whispered, angrily. "You'll stay with the little 'uns, bless their brave little hearts." And she clasped the dazed children to her breast. "The Lord has punished him for his cruelty to you.... Finish your dressin' quick." She released the two little boys and glided cautiously from the room, holding the candle low, so that her great wavering shadow darkened the room even before the thicker horror of blackness fell when she was gone. The three children pressed together, their heart-beats alone audible in the awful stillness. They were too bewildered and terrified to exchange even a whisper. An impalpable oppression brooded over the icy room, and a dull torpor possessed their brains so that they made no effort to understand. They only felt that something unreal was happening, something preternaturally solemn. After a dreamlike interval of darkness, the mysterious rustling was repeated without, a thin line of light crept again under the door, and their mother's face reappeared, gleaming lurid in the circle of the candle-rays. The two girls loomed in her wake, a big and a little, both wrapped up for a journey, but shivering and yawning and rubbing their eyes, still glued together by sleep. The younger boys, who had remained numb, guiltily gave the last hasty touches to their costume under the irate gaze of their mother. But Billy's face had grown convulsed.

His mother advanced towards him, dazzling his eyes with the candle and her face, and bending down so that her eyes lay almost on his.

"Don't you dare to have a fit now," she hissed, her features almost as agitated as his own. "Or I'll cut your throat like I cut his."

The intensity of her will mastered him, oversweeping even the added horror of her words, and combined with the return of the light to ward off the threatened paroxysm. He dragged on his top-coat. Only a few minutes had elapsed since he had sat up in bed, yet it seemed hours. The mother stealthily led the way through the hushed house, down the creaking stairs, blowing out the light in the hall. When she opened the great door, the cold air smote the faces of the party like a whip. As she was cautiously closing the door, a dark thing ran out through the aperture.

"There goes his soul!" she whispered, in grim exultation.

But it was only Sprat.

The creature, now old and infirm, quietly took his familiar place in the rear of the procession, which now set forth over the frozen moonlit snow under the solemn stars in the direction of Cobequid Village. The farm hands, asleep in the attic built over the kitchen, in an "ell" or annex to the main house, heard nothing. Ruth, sleeping the sleep of virginal health and innocence, in her dainty chamber, was deep in kindly dreams. The woman led the way noiselessly but rapidly, so that the little children had to run to keep pace with her, and Billy dragged himself along by clinging to her skirt, dreading to be left behind in the great lonely night. The road led down hill towards a little valley, in which stood the deacon's grist-mill, hidden by trees, but, as they drew near it, showing dark against the white hill that rose again beyond it. They descended towards it through a cutting in the hill lined with overhanging snow-drifts, curled like crystallized waves. Everything seemed dead; the mill-pond was frozen and snow-covered; frozen bundles of green hides stood in piles against the front of the mill; there were icicles round the edges of the sullen cascade that fell over the dam. The mill-stream was a sheet of ice, spotted erminewise with black dots, where air-holes showed the gloomy water below. The procession crossed the little wooden bridge, bordered by bare willows whose branches glittered with frost; and then the snow-path rose again. Every sound was heard intensely in the keen air—the rumbling of the little waterfall, the gurgling of the stream under the ice, the frost fusillade of the zigzag pole fences snapping along the route, the crunch of crisp snow under their feet. They mounted the hill and reached the broad flat fields that stretched on white and bare to Cobequid. The last inch of Deacon Hailey's possessions was left behind. Then the leader of the procession slackened her pace and lifted up her voice in raucous thanksgiving.

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame."

"Now, then, sing up, children," she cried.

Bewildered, and still half asleep, they obeyed, in bleating, quavering tones that came through chattering teeth to an accompaniment of cloudy breath.

The woman and her children passed on into the night, singing; amid the stretches of sky and space they seemed a group of black insects crawling across a great white plain.

Abner Preep, coming down before dawn, found a bunch of children on the kitchen settee asleep in their clothes. The mother sat on the floor before the open stove, smiling happily and muttering to herself. They had quietly taken possession of the old familiar room and stirred up the slumbering fire.

For the first few seconds Abner wondered if he were dreaming; for the next, if he were mad. But another look at the crouching woman convinced him that it was not he that was mad, while a phrase from her babbling lips sent something of the truth home to his beating heart. He roused Harriet, and broke the news as gently as time permitted. The brave girl bade him drive at once to Deacon Hailey's while she kept guard over her mother. Abner thereupon mounted his horse bareback, to save time, and galloped to the farm.

To his relief he found the deacon little injured. The neglect of his beard had been "ole Hey's" salvation. It had sprouted thick and tangled about his throat, and the mad woman, armed with a blunt knife, had only inflicted a flesh wound, leaving the trachea unsevered. The sleeping man, suddenly awakening to the strange spectacle of his wife, in out-door attire, brandishing a knife, had fainted from horror and loss of blood. But, presently recovering consciousness, he had clamored for Ruth, and with her help bound up the wound, already half stanched by the clogging beard.

The matter was kept in the family, but the deacon swore he would have no more to do with the woman or her unmannerly brood, beyond paying the minimum for her incarceration where she could do no more mischief, and so Abner took her forthwith by sleigh and train to the capital, and placed her in a private asylum.

In this manner Mrs. Strang went back to Halifax.

When Matt heard the awful tidings his air-castles crashed and fell as at the crack of doom. Abner Preep was the messenger of evil, for Matt's painting tour had brought him near Halifax, and Abner thought it best to look up his boyish enemy ere he went back home.

Beneath all the tumult of consternation in Matt's breast there throbbed an undertone of remorse, a vague feeling that this would never have happened had he been on the spot.

But "it served him right," he cried, with irresistible bitterness, when he heard the deacon had not only washed his hands of the family but was now vindictively pressing Abner for the arrears of the mortgage interest, which had been allowed to lapse while Abner was building up his position. Abner had always understood that Mrs. Strang had exacted the freedom of her property. But there was nothing in black and white.

"There's no gettin' out of it," said Abner, gloomily. "But your poor father must have made an everlastin' mess of it, for how there comes to be so much to pay, after all these years, for a few acres of ground and a wretched shanty, darned if I can make out."

"He cheated father, you may depend," said Matt, hotly.

"I wouldn't go as fur nor thet," said Abner. "It ain't right to call a man a thief without proof. Anyway I've got to stump up. I shouldn't ha' minded it in an ornery way, though I *hev* got two babies, bless their souls. But it comes 'ard jest now with five extra mouths to feed."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

"Oh, but you are not goin' to feed them."

"Who then?"

"Me, of course."

"Nonsense—nonsense, Matt," said Abner. "You've got to go to London and l'arn paintin'. Harriet's told me all 'bout you, and she's got some o' your picters, and they're rael beautiful. There's one in our bedroom. Besides, they're all growed up now a'most, and they'll soon be feedin' theirselves. And then, you see, the house itself is your sister's, not mine."

"It's awful good o' you," said Matt, hoarsely, "but it ain't fair."

"No more it was o' me fightin' you thet air time," said Abner, smiling. "This evens things up."

There was a great lump in Matt's throat, so that he could not speak. He held out his hand mutely, and Abner took it, and they gripped each other so heartily that the tears started to the eyes of both.

"Then thet's settled," said Abner, with husky cheeriness.

"No, thet's on'y to beg your pardon," said Matt, recovering his voice. "I've been a skunk to you, thet's a fact. But I'm not goin' to behave bad again. I'm jest rakin' in the dollars now, and learnin' paintin' all the time into the bargain. I don't want a bit to go to London, and I've put by two hundred an' eighty dollars thet ain't the least use to me, an' thet 'll just come in handy to pay the ole scoundrel. And I can easy send you five dollars a week till I earn more. Billy alone 'll cost you near thet, I guess, and it's my fault he can't earn scarce anything."

In the end the imperious Matt had his way, and while the boy went on to see his mother, Abner returned home with the situation considerably lightened, the bearer of money for Deacon Hailey and loving messages for all Matt's brothers and sisters, even Harriet being now restored to grace.

Matt found his mother in a small padded room in a house that stood on the hill overlooking the harbor. She was gazing yearningly seaward, and tears trickled down her doleful cheeks. Matt stood silently near the door, surveying her askance, with aching heart. Abner had told him that her life with Deacon Hailey had grown a blank to her, and he wondered if she would recognize him; the last two years he had shot up from a hobbledehoy into a tall stalwart youth.

When she turned her head at last and espied him, she leaped up with a wild cry of joy and folded him in her arms.

"Davie!" she cried, rapturously. "My own Davie! At last! I didn't see your ship come in."

A nervous thrill ran down Matt's spine as he submitted to her embrace. The separate tragedies of his parents' lives seemed poignantly knit together in this supreme moment.

"They're so strict with me here, Davie," she said. "Take me away from my folks, anywhere, where we can be happy and free. I don't care what they say any more—I am so tired of all this humdrum life."

Matt pacified her as best he could, and promising to arrange it all soon, left her, his heart nigh breaking. He walked about the bustling streets like one in a dream, resenting the sunshine, and wondering why all these people should be so happy. Again that ancient image of his father's dead face was tossed up on the waves of memory, to keep company henceforth with the death-in-life of his mother's face. The break-down of his ambition seemed a petty thing beside these vaster ironies of human destiny.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHITTIER STATE SCHOOL.

One of the great burning questions of the close of the nineteenth century is, what shall we do with boys and girls who have gone wrong?—not with those who, from heredity or environment, are intrinsically vicious and corrupt, but those who have yielded to temptation and surrendered themselves to bad influences, and who, in consequence, find themselves Ishmaelites, with every man's hand against them. Shall we leave them to work out their own damnation and to swell the ranks of the professional criminals, or shall we make an effort to pull their childish feet out of the mire into which they have strayed, and set them on solid ground?

Of course the question answers itself, so far as the theory is concerned, but there is such a wide and often impassable gulf between theory and practice, between sympathy and active effort, that it is frequently impossible to reconcile one with the other. The State of California believes, however, that it has found a practical solution of the problem, and that in the Whittier Reform School it has an institution for the reformation and rehabilitation of boys and girls which should be a model for the admiration and imitation of the civilized world. It should be said, by way of introduction, that Whittier resembles in no respect a penal institution. There are no guards, no fences, nothing to prevent the inmates from running or walking away whenever they may be so disposed; and yet, during the life of this reformatory, there have been but two boys absolutely lost from the institution, and they were two who, except for the remote hope of improving them, might be characterized as belonging to the class whose room is better than their company.

Statistics are not of entrancing interest to the average reader, and yet, to show the nature of the work that Dr. Walter Lindley, the superintendent of Whittier, and his assistants are doing, it is necessary to say that at this time the reform school contains about three hundred and forty boys and about eighty girls. The sexes occupy entirely separate and distinct buildings, and inasmuch as the reformation and education of the boys have progressed more rapidly and successfully than of the girls, this article will be devoted to a résumé of what has been attempted and accomplished for the boys. The key-note of the whole institution may be found in a single sentence from the official report of the superintendent, when he said: "The antidote of mischief at the State school is occupation. Diversion, not coercion, is our motto." Resolved into practice, this means that every boy at Whittier is required to devote a certain portion of his time to industrial and mechanical labor of some kind, another portion to study and education in the school-room, and a third portion to rest and recreation. The boys, from first to last, are put on their promotion for good behavior and good work, and they appreciate their opportunities for advancement quite as completely as do the wards of the nation at West Point or Annapolis.

The daily routine at Whittier is about as follows: At 7.15 A.M. breakfast is over, and the three hundred and forty boys are detailed to work, in squads of from five to twenty or more, with the carpenter, gardener, blacksmith, shoemaker, engineer and electrician, tailor, housekeeper, baker, farmer, and laundryman.

At 9.15 A.M. the boys belonging to grade A are called in from work to attend school. They are usually, in their studies, about two years behind the average public-school boy of the same age. They come to Whittier restless under restraint, and it is the object not to retain them in school long enough to tire them, but rather to shift the scenery frequently and keep them interested; consequently, there are only three hours daily in school for each boy. The studies that are particularly required are penmanship, spelling, reading, United States history, and arithmetic. Two of the boys who assist in the office are learning stenography, and one has become quite an expert type-writer.

At 12 o'clock grade A leaves the school-room and joins the other boys in the dining-room. After lunch there is half an hour for play, and at 1 P.M. the boys are again detailed to work, until 4 P.M., when they come in and prepare for drill, which begins at 4.30 P.M., and lasts until 5.15 P.M. This military drill is considered a privilege, not a task, and is one of the most important features of the curriculum. It gives the boys a good carriage, expands their lungs, makes them take pride in being neat, and teaches them prompt obedience. Further than that, a thorough military drill prepares these boys for any emergency that may arise, so that if ever again the drum-beat of the nation sounds the call "to arms," there will be a number of young men from all over California who have received their training at the Whittier State School who will offer themselves as defenders of the old flag.

At 5.30 P.M. dinner is served, and then follows an hour of play. At 7 P.M. one company go to the reading-room and library, where they read, write, talk in subdued tones, play checkers or some other innocent games, and pass the evening as boys should pass their evenings with their own family in a comfortable home. The other company at 7 P.M. go into a school-room, sing familiar and often very jolly songs, listen to a ten-minute lecture about the moon, the ocean, or some other subject, and pass some time in conversation. The object during this hour in the school-room is to amuse, entertain, and incidentally instruct. At 8.30 P.M. the boys retire to their dormitories, where each child has a nice white counterpaned cot all to himself.

Having followed these boys all day through eating, working, studying, drilling, playing, singing, we may know each one is ready to close his eyes in sound sleep the minute his head touches the pillow. Every Saturday they have a half-holiday. In the school are two baseball nines, and they have had match games with outside nines, with varied results.

In looking into the results that have been attained at Whittier, it should be borne in mind that the school has been open only since the first day of July, 1891, and that when it was first opened there was a disposition on the part of some of the officials of the State who had the power of commitment to regard the school simply as a prison for juvenile delinquents. This has changed, however, and the reformatory nature of the institution is generally and frankly conceded by the entire State. It should be said, too, that some of the earlier "hard cases" have turned out remarkably well, and have evinced a genuine desire to become good men and good citizens.

Now as to the kind of work the boys do in the various industrial departments. Let us take the tailor shop as an illustration, for the same system runs through all the shops. There are in the tailor's shop from thirty-five to forty boys all the time learning the trade. The boy begins in the mending department, and learns to hold his thimble and to handle the needle and do good mending. Then he is put making overalls, and when he gets so that he can make a good pair of overalls he goes to work on trousers, and from there he is transferred to the making of vests and coats, after which, if he shows good general ability and taste, he is instructed in cutting. Every boy is taught all the branches of tailoring, so that when he is through he is a competent and skilled workman. It is the same in the shoe shop, where all the shoes for the use of the institution are made. One boy is not simply taught to put on heels, and another to put on uppers, etc., but each boy is taught to be a shoemaker.

In the printing office a great deal of job-work is done, and a monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the school, is printed. The work is very satisfactory.

In the carpenter shop each boy works four and a half hours a day. They do shop-work of various kinds, such as making wagon beds, clothes-presses, bookcases, shelving, and doing various kinds of work about the buildings, and they have just completed a barn for the school. They also take lessons in mechanical drawing two evenings a week. They are now preparing plans for a building for the girls' department. This will be a three-story building, which they will draw the plans and specifications for, and will then build themselves. The buildings are all lighted by electricity, and twenty-one boys are constantly learning to be electricians and engineers. The boilers that supply the steam for the electrical machinery also supply the steam for heating the buildings, doing the cooking, running the machinery in the shops, and pumping the water. From this class in practical electricity young men have gone out and are running electric plants themselves, doing well, and getting good wages.

There are 160 acres of land connected with this school, and of this 75 acres are in orange, lime, lemon, nectarine, fig, apricot, apple, peach, pear, plum, and olive trees, and within three years there will be ripe fruit of some variety to place upon the tables every day of the year, and there will not only be enough for the school, but also enough to sell, and from which to derive some revenue. The instruction in horticulture is thorough and practical, and about fifty boys are making that their life work.

The girls are now in a rented building about a mile away, but three buildings are being erected especially fitted for their occupation, and they will then have their own orchards, gardens, shops, and poultry-yards, the same as the boys have. These buildings will be ready for occupation about the 1st of June, 1894.

The children are committed to the guardianship of this school between the ages of eight and eighteen, said guardianship to last during their minority, but the object of the management is to find suitable places for them as soon as they have learned some trade or avocation by means of which they can make a living.

All of the teachers in the school-room are now women, and the general aim is to have the influence of women wherever it can possibly be utilized.

A fitting conclusion to this article is an extract from a report of a special committee of the Senate of California, which visited Whittier during the session of the last Legislature. The committee say:

"'The State of California has wisely paid millions and millions of dollars for building, equipment, and maintenance of the State University and Normal Schools, where the fortunate youth of our commonwealth are educated; but for the unfortunate, those who through incapacity, or death of parents, or through abject poverty and through hereditary criminal tendencies are thrown upon our streets before they have reached years of discretion, California has done absolutely nothing. Millions of dollars are spent annually by the State caring for these unfortunates after they have become adults and entered our penitentiaries and insane asylums, but nothing has been done in this State toward taking these youths who have started on the broad road to ruin, teaching them useful trades, habits of industry, and depriving them of the baleful effects of opium, tobacco, alcohol, and impure associations.'

"We also desire to say that we have examined the financial condition of the institution, and found that the affairs had been prudently and economically administered, and that the appropriations made and the deficiencies incurred had been properly and prudently expended."

It may be added that a personal visit to Whittier about two months ago by the writer enables him to confirm all that has been said in behalf of this institution, and to impress him profoundly with the earnest belief that at Whittier there is reform in the highest, truest, and best sense of the word.

Marcus P. Wiggin.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

London, *May* 25, 1894.

Once upon a time, while guest on board a big English battle-ship, some officers of the wardroom sought to tease me in regard to relative merit of American and English sailors in certain naval engagements of which I had a sadly hazy idea. I was slowly gathering steam for a patriotic explosion, when one of my British sailor friends turned the tables in my favor by this little jerky speech:

"That may all be true, but I was at the bombardment of Alexandria, and we were in a bad fix, and all the war-ships of other countries drew off and left us to fry in our own fat, and then the Americans came and helped us. They landed their men; they kept order in Alexandria; they acted contrary to orders; but then they said that '*blood is thicker than water*.'"

At this the whole wardroom burst into a cheer, and nothing more was heard of *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* yarns.

Then another weather-beaten marine barnacle told his little story. "I shall never say another hard word against Yankees," he said, in a voice like a muffled fog-horn. "When that hurricane struck Samoa, our ship just managed to steam out of the harbor and escape total wreck. As we steamed anxiously and very slowly through the howling wind and blinding sea we could make out the Americans in the rigging of the *Trenton*—and they were all in the presence of death. But they didn't think of that. They gave us three cheers, and it made the hearts of our men jump up and choke them when they heard those cheers. And it made me feel at last that '*blood is thicker than water*.'"

And so last night Americans and Englishmen sat down together to a feast intended to once more emphasize the fact that the great English-speaking family has a mission of civilization to perform, that we are of one parent stock, that when we quarrelled it was because we did not know how to appreciate one another's good qualities, and that in future war between England and America is out of the question so long as Englishmen and Americans speak the same language.

The key-note to the banquet given by Englishmen to the officers and men of the *Chicago* was furnished by one after another of the entertainers. They once more told the story of how the British men-of-war lay off the mouth of the Pei-Ho River, near the ugly mud flats which stretch out before the Taku forts which bar the approach to Tien-Tsin and Pekin. I have been up into that country, and heard this story over and over again from eye-witnesses. The English were again in a tight place, and again the Yankees overruled their written orders, to obey the great unwritten law, "*blood is thicker than water*." Admiral Erben, of the *Chicago*, and the venerable English admiral of the fleet, Phipps Hornby, both dwelt upon the assistance given by American bluejackets to those of old England far away in Chinese waters.

This dinner was a remarkable one for the hearty and spontaneous manner in which it was conceived and carried out; for the enthusiasm with which Englishmen of every profession crowded for the right to be present and do honor to the Americans amongst them. For the past week the main fashionable question has been, Are you going to the *Chicago* banquet? or, Have you met Captain Mahan?

For amongst politicians and writers, as well as amongst warriors, Captain Mahan, of the *Chicago*, is to-day in England what Professor James Bryce is in America, what Motley was to the Netherlands. Mahan has given England her first really comprehensive and philosophic discussion of what naval power has done for this tight little island. We always think a man wise who pays us a delicate compliment, and that is one reason why James Bryce is thought by Americans to be very wise indeed. Mahan has endeared himself to Englishmen by treating their naval history with all the impartiality the most scrupulous historian could wish, while at the same time not grudging praise for what he finds praiseworthy.

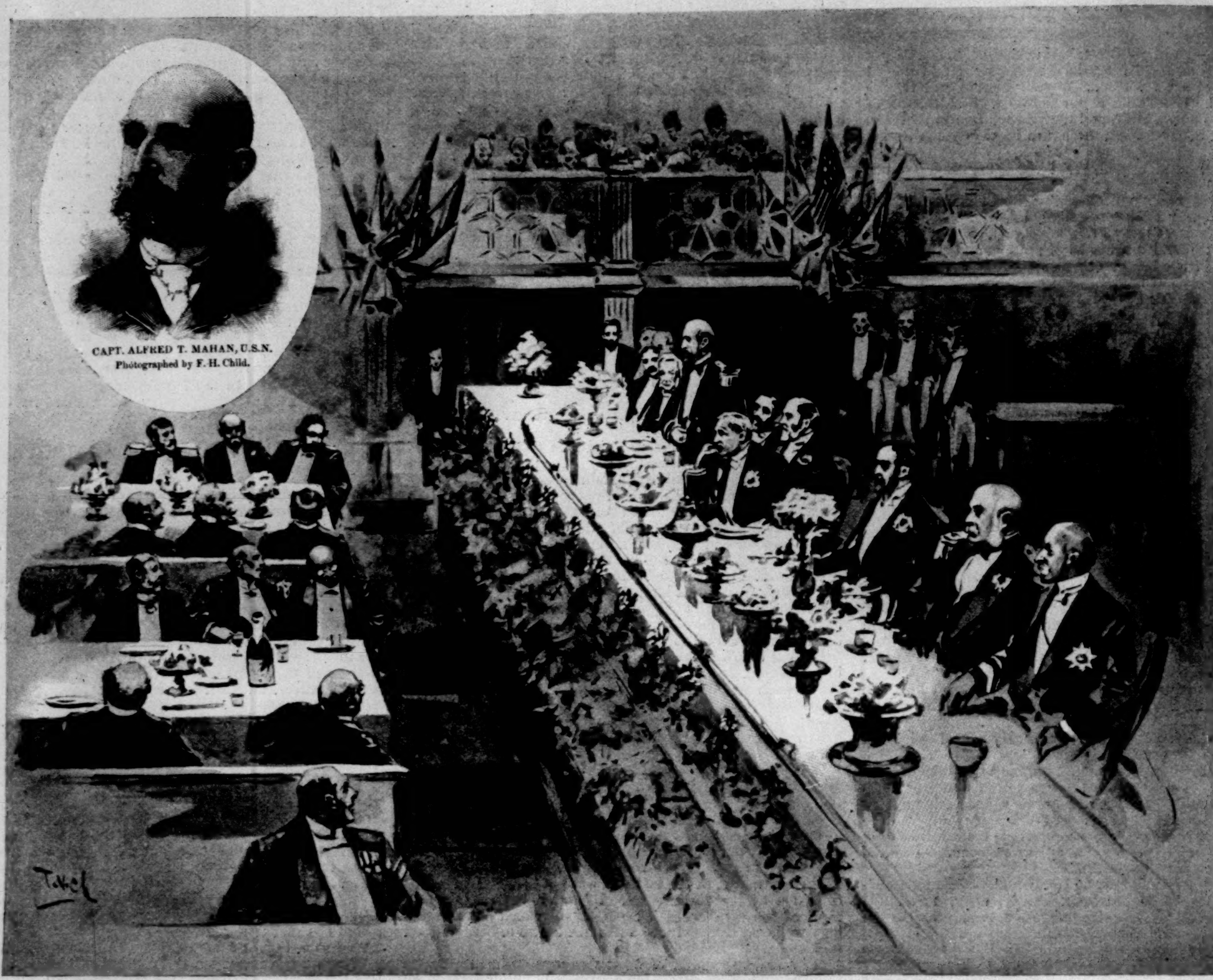
Captain Mahan personally is the typical American gentleman—tall, erect, slim, bronzed by exposure, keen eyes, an expression combining reflectiveness with much humor, firm mouth, and the courtly manners which distinguished his father at West Point, and which marks equally the graduate of Annapolis.

The visit of the *Chicago* to Gravesend on the Thames was a happy idea. She is visited by thousands of Englishmen, and looks splendid. She is a landmark far and wide, and does more than a volume of speeches to impress our neighbors that the stars and stripes can float over men-of-war as readily as over racing-machines.

The officers of the *Chicago* have been welcomed by Englishmen in the heartiest manner. They have not been merely dined and then dismissed. On the contrary, Admiral Erben and Captain Mahan will cheerfully testify that they have been made honorary members of the principal London clubs, that they have been included as a welcome attraction to the London season, and that their treatment has been as generous as it has been spontaneous.

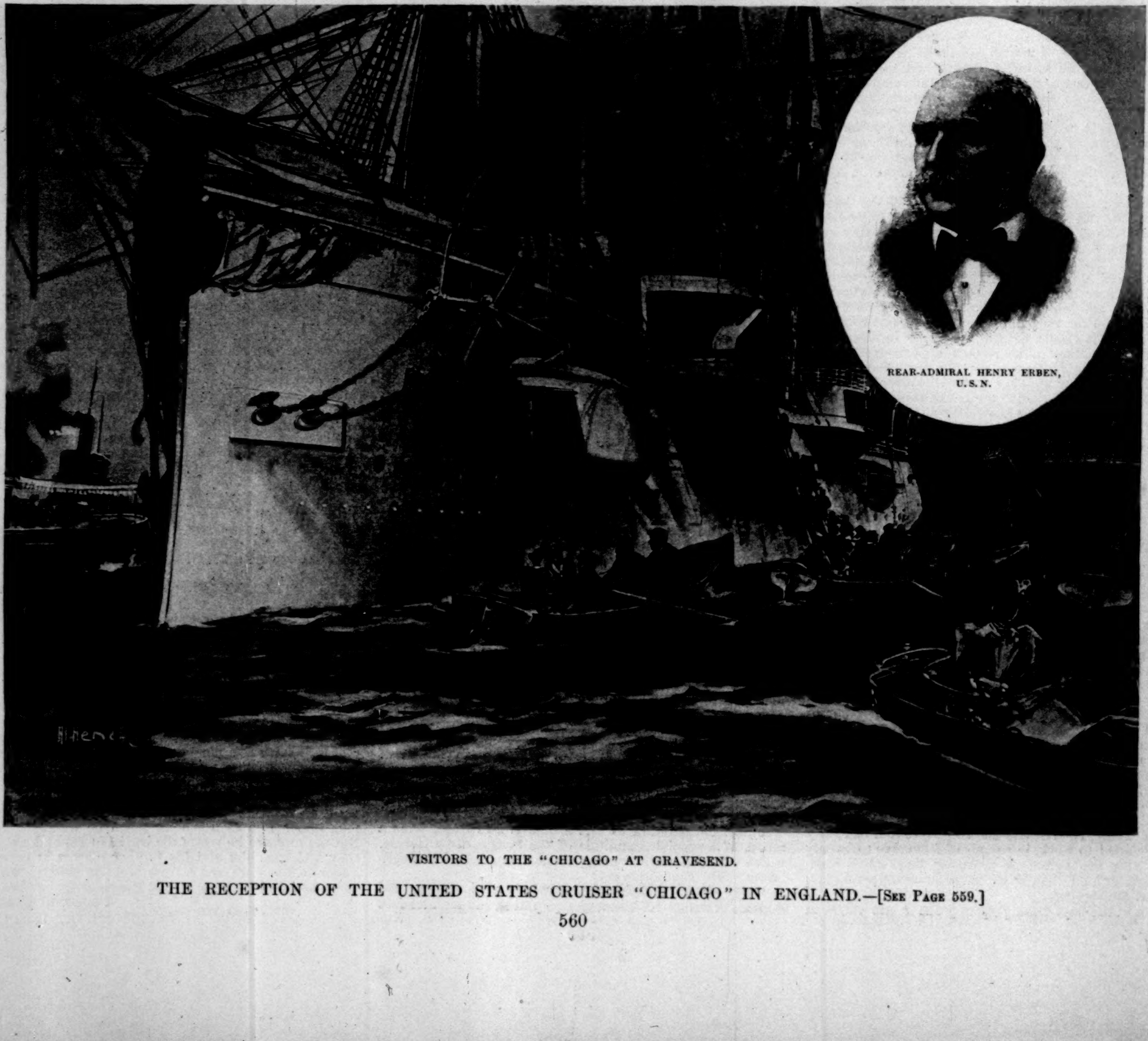
But highly as I personally esteem Captain Mahan and his work, I would like to make this point very clear: Englishmen honor him as a scholar when he wears no epaulets. But the moment he wears the badge of his national service, they welcome him and his brother officers in order to do honor to the stars and stripes and the country which has given new force to these words: "*Blood is thicker than water*."

Poultney Bigelow.



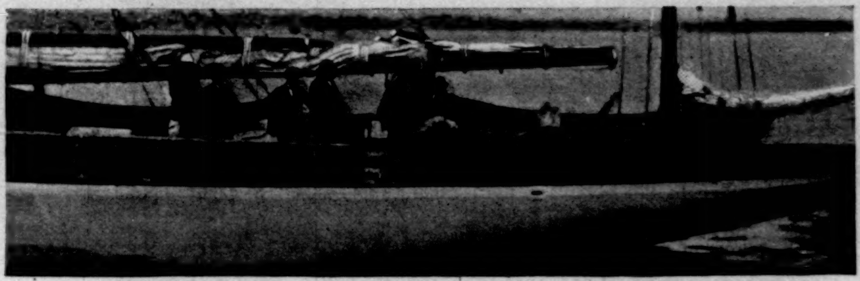
Admiral Sir G. P. Hornby. Lord Galloway. Lord G. Hamilton. Admiral Henry Erben. General Lord Roberts.
Captain A. T. Mahan. Lord Carlisle.
The American Ambassador.

CAPTAIN MAHAN RETURNING THANKS ON BEHALF OF THE OFFICERS OF THE "CHICAGO" AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

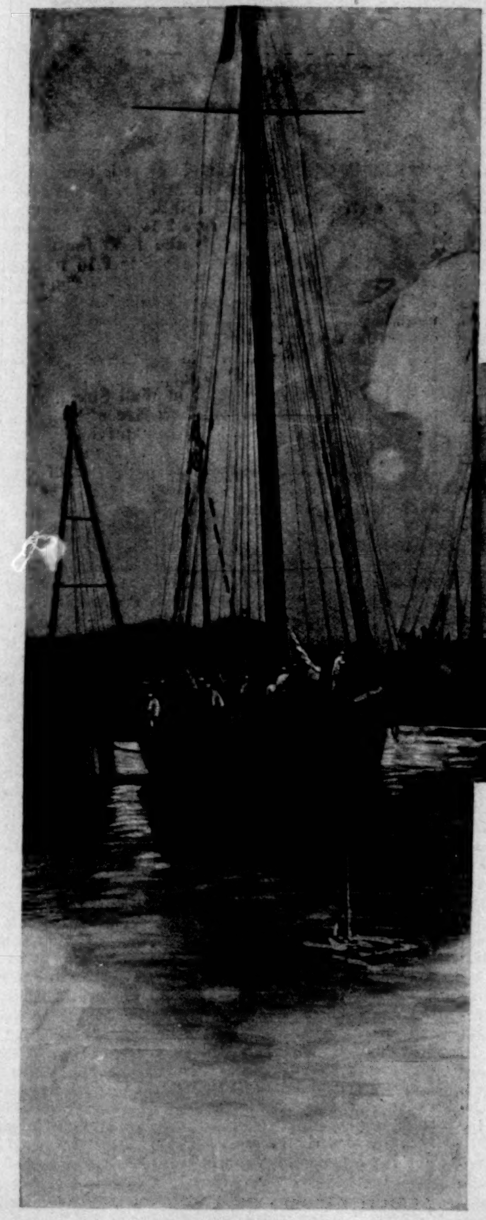
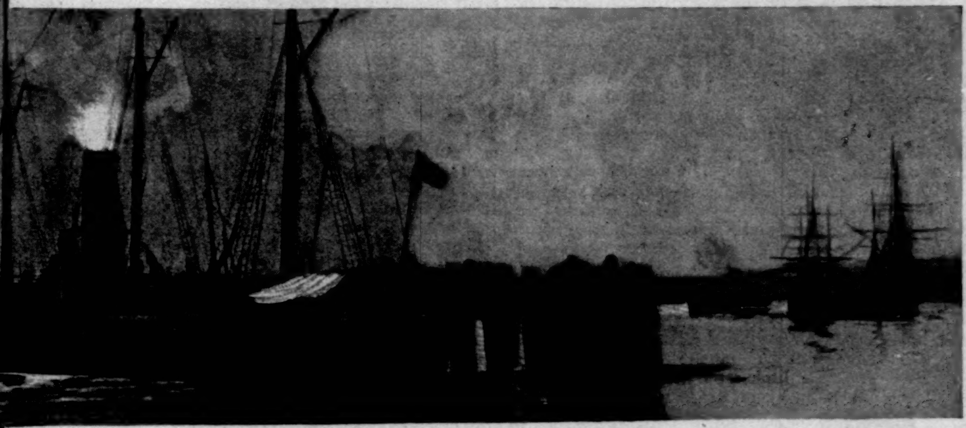


VISITORS TO THE "CHICAGO" AT GRAVESEND.

THE RECEPTION OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "CHICAGO" IN ENGLAND.—[See Page 559.]

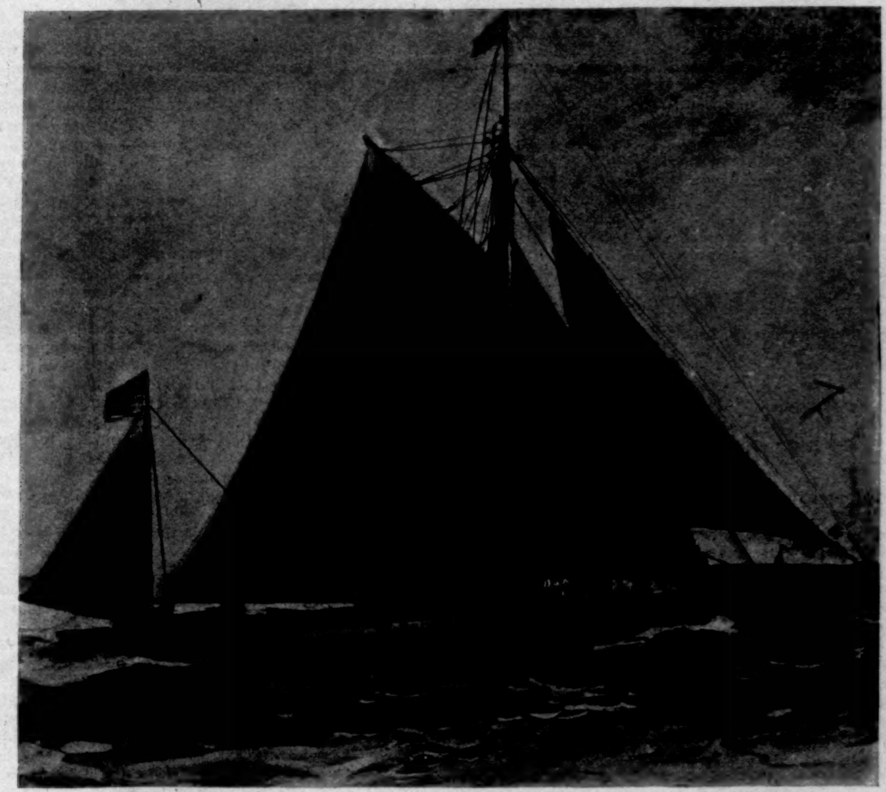


THE FLORAL HORSESHOE PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN JEFFREYS.

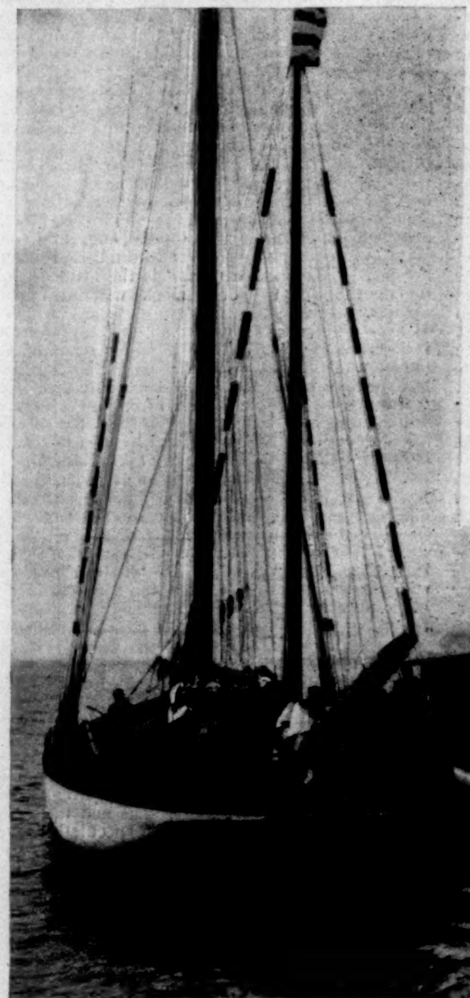



"Atalanta."

CASTING OFF.



"VIGILANT" UNDER WAY.



"Vamoose."

BON VOYAGE IN THE LOWER BAY.

THE DEPARTURE OF "VIGILANT," MAY 31ST, TO MEET "VALKYRIE IN BRITISH WATERS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT" NEXT ISSUE.]

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

BY EDWARD G. RIGGS.

THE New York Stock Exchange is as old as the government. In the archives is the original agreement of the founders of the Exchange, dated November 13, 1792, saying, "We, the subscribers, brokers for the purchase and sale of public stock, agree to do business for customers at not less than one-fourth of one per cent., and to give preference to each other in all transactions." This was signed by twenty-four brokers. They met under a tree in front of what is now the Central Trust Company Building, at No. 60 Wall Street. At the time most of the stock transactions were made in the coffee-rooms and taverns in the neighborhood. After this agreement was signed the twenty-four founders met in the offices of each other. In 1817 the brokers hired an upper room in the Merchant's Exchange, then at Wall and William streets. They were driven from this by the great fire of 1835, and for seven years shifted around from one little hall to another. In 1842 they returned to the new Merchant's Exchange, which is now the New York Custom-house Building. Eleven years later they removed to rooms in the old Corn Exchange Bank, at Beaver and William streets. The brokers several years later took quarters in Lord's Court; William Street and Exchange Place. During all these years a formidable opposition, or rather competition, had existed. The founders of the Exchange and their successors had insisted upon a close corporation. They refused to admit to their circle many brokers, and constituted themselves a mutual admiration society. It was more difficult to become one of their number than to gain admittance to the most exclusive club in New York city. With the growth of New York the brokerage business rapidly increased. It was taken up by young and active men, and they naturally sought to gain admittance to the New York Stock Exchange. In a very large number of instances their propositions were received with deaf ears, and after this policy had been carried out for over a quarter of a century, it was decided to organize what was known as the Open Board of Brokers. The old and sturdy members of the Exchange complacently regarded the opposition, and, a few years later, they paid little or no heed to the announcement that their younger rival had ceased to exist. But in 1863 a second open board was established, and from the start it developed vigor. Within six years the members of the new board had captured most of the business, and it was then determined to consolidate. The war between the old and new boards had been disastrous, and in May, 1869, the consolidation was effected. All were housed under the same roof of the Exchange Building, which occupies a part of the space between Broad and New streets, and is of marble. It has a frontage of sixty-five feet in Broad Street, and of one hundred and fifty-eight in New Street, and it also has an entrance in Wall Street.

In the second story, just above the great board-room, are the offices of the president, the secretary, and the clerks. There is also a bond-room, where railroad bonds and bank-stocks are bought and sold. In the third story are the rooms of the committees. These are the Governing Committee, Committee of Arrangements, Committee on Admissions, Arbitration Committee, Finance, Stock List, and Unlisted Securities. The Stock Exchange is an association or a club. It is not an incorporated body. The legal title to all the real estate owned and occupied by the association is vested in the New York Stock Exchange Building Company, of which Donald Mackey is president. The cost of the building, with its recent improvements, was over $2,000,000, and the running expenses of the Exchange are $200,000 a year. The association has an iron-clad constitution and by-laws of the sternest character. There is a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and chairman.

The great power of the association, however, is vested in a governing committee, which consists of forty members. All duties of administration devolve upon this *imperium in imperio*. The governing committee may make or unmake, suspend, expel, or readmit. Its power is absolute. It may even alter the entire letter of the constitution or by-laws, and unless two-thirds of all the members of the association disapprove, the changes become final laws. It is well said that the committee is practically as autocratic as the Venetian Council of Ten. This governing committee in its varied functions decides the most vital questions, including: first, it determines, after rigid scrutiny, the securities to be dealt in on the Exchange; second, it has surveillance over members in respect to their fidelity to contracts, and a stringent examination of the good character and responsibility of candidates for membership; third, a systematization of the whole business of brokerage so far as it relates to the intercourse of members. No stock, bond, or other security can be dealt in on the Exchange unless all the financial conditions, capital, number of shares, and resources have been searchingly examined. As an additional safeguard the Exchange binds itself to exclude any active speculative stock of any company which fails to keep a registry of shares in some responsible trust company, bank, or kindred agency, and to give public notice of every intention to increase its capital, either through the conversion of bonds or by direct issue, with the grounds for such increase. This exceedingly conservative provision owes its origin to the stock-jobbing improprieties in 1868 and thereabouts. The rules for the admission of members and for the government of those already enrolled in the organization are necessarily very strict. In an arena where a mere nod may seal a contract involving hundreds of thousands, and a whisper is as binding as the longest and most cunningly phrased agreement of all the lawyers, men must have keen heads, vast experience, and spotless business reputation. Every bid, every offer made and accepted, must be rigidly fulfilled. A member who fails must notify the president at once; he in turn announces it through Chairman Mitchell to the members from the rostrum; the secretary records the name on the fatal list; the stock which has occasioned the disaster is sold or bought in from the rostrum, under the rule, and the broker loses every privilege of the Exchange, until his creditors are satisfied and the governing committee consents to his reinstatement. A word or two more about the admission of members, in view of all this, will not be uninteresting. The membership of the Exchange is limited to eleven hundred, but frequent deaths and the sale of tickets by members who wish to withdraw give room for ambitious aspirants. Applications for membership are publicly announced on the floor, together with the name of the member seconding the application. The nominators are asked in committee if they would accept the applicant's uncertified check for $20,000. This is the crucial test. The candidate is required to state his age, whether he be a citizen of the United States, what his business has been, whether he ever failed in business; if so, the cause of his failure, the amount of indebtedness, and nature of settlement. He must also produce the release from his creditors. He is also asked whether his health is uniformly good; whether his life be insured, and if not, for what reason; what kind of business he proposes to do, and whether alone or in partnership. A copy of his statements is forwarded to him, and is read and certified by him as correct. Any wilful misstatement upon a material point subjects him to lasting ineligibility for admission to the Exchange.

An elected member must sign the constitution and by-laws, pledge himself to abide by the same, pay an initiation fee of $20,000, or if admitted by transfer, of $200 in addition to the price of his membership. All new members are now admitted through transfer. In 1792 no initiation fee was demanded; in 1823, only $25; in 1827, $100; in 1833, $150; in 1842, $350; in 1862, $3000; and thence it rose in 1866 to $10,000, at which figure it stood until 1879, when it was raised to $20,000. A single membership in the Exchange has been sold as high as $33,000. Each carries with it an insurance for $10,000, and no matter whether the owner of the ticket comes to financial disaster or not, that amount of money on his death goes to his heirs.

Strangers are not admitted to the floor of the Exchange. There is what is known as the subscribers' room—a strip of the floor divided from the main floor by a railing—and admission to this strip or to the "rail" costs $100 a year. There are rooms for reading, smoking, checker and chess playing. The main floor of the Exchange is dotted with iron posts, on which are signs at the top giving the name of the stock dealt in at that point, and much resembling the signs on country cross-roads. These signs read Western Union, Wheeling and Lake Erie, St. Paul, Reading, Lackawanna, and all the active stocks dealt in on the Exchange. The brokers with orders to buy or sell these stocks always seek customers in the groups gathered around the posts. The galleries of the Exchange are thronged with visitors during the hours of business, which are from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon. These galleries are famous spots for visitors from other cities and from the country districts. The first impression upon the ear on entering is strange. There is a chaos of plunging sound and deafening roar. The straining ear distinguishes an individual voice rising in shriller pitch or heavier volume only to be drowned by fifty other booming and echoing cries. To those in the strangers' gallery the cries are unintelligible. The brokers are merely offering to buy or sell stocks for customers. On the days when some special cause provokes great fluctuations the arms, hands, excitable faces, rapid vociferations, all come in play, and the element of pantomime performs its part in interesting the visitors. The voices on these days are almost beyond description. There are voices like a church organ and voices like a bagpipe; whooping, screeching, deep-toned, piping voices; voices like a trip-hammer crashing through all other cries.

Every broker has a different mission. Two hundred members may be bidding for two hundred different stocks in the same breath. In the old days when buying Erie was like an effort to pump out the Atlantic Ocean, and Daniel Drew was wont to send in a legion of brokers with cross-orders, the great throng of brokers would lurch and roll under the tornado of perplexing orders and bids. The strain upon the nervous systems of the brokers has been frequently commented upon by physicians. This would be a very serious matter in the daily life of a broker were it not for an undercurrent of humor which bubbles up continually through the earnest confusion on the Exchange. Members of the Exchange talk stocks on all occasions. A Wall Street broker's business is constantly with him; he whispers of "Street" incidents to his neighbor in the trains; he dines upon stocks, he mingles stocks with all his pleasures, and finally he dreams of stocks. This ceaseless tread-mill would seem to have an effect on the health of the brokers. Yet, as a class, they are robust, cheerful, and bubbling over with animal spirits. One reason undoubtedly is that they are thoroughly good livers. They dine well and dress well. But besides this the luck of the market compels them to a sensible philosophy. None know better the fickleness of fortune. None bear up more bravely under reverses. The very variety of their lives is healthful.

The brokers are likely to be called out of the board-room to receive orders. In the confusion of sounds and the din, the employés of the Exchange, stationed at every entrance, could not make themselves heard, and to obviate this difficulty a great annunciator has been erected on the wall of the Exchange on the New Street side. When a member is wanted, the employés at the gateways whistle his number through tubes to the employé in charge of the annunciator, and instantly two iron wings flap open, displaying in large numerals those which correspond with the broker's name. Every broker has a number, and his eyes instinctively are fastened on the annunciator, at the spot where his number appears. In buying or selling stocks through the brokers the transactions are known as "cash," "regular way," "buyer's option," or "seller's option." The broker demands of his customer either a solid deposit of money or stocks, or marginal deposit of money; the margin to be ten, twenty, or even forty per cent. of the par value of the stock, and to be increased in proportion to any subsequent change in the market. The broker's fees are one-eighth of one per cent. each way, that is, for buying and selling; in other words, $12 50 on every hundred shares of stock bought or sold. Six per cent. a year is generally allowed on all margins advanced by customers. If the transaction be either cash, regular, or a three days' option, it implies no interest. If it be more than a three days' option, six per cent. on the selling value of the stock is paid by the buyer to the seller. If the stock is bought by the broker on a given day, and held for the customer until he is ready to take it or sell it, the former charges six and even a higher per cent. for the difference between cost and margin, this interest continuing from the day of purchase to the date of closing the transaction. The broker in such cases "carries" the stock for the customer. In sales, or, to be more explicit, in selling short, no interest is charged to the customer. Cash, in broker's language, means that the contract entered upon shall be fulfilled by payment and delivering of the stock at or before 2.15 P.M. of the day of sale. Regular, or regular way, is the term for sale when the delivery is to be made at or before 2.15 P.M. of the day succeeding that of the contract. Buyer's option is where the purchaser has the right to require the delivery of stock upon any day within the time covered by the option. Seller's option is where the day of delivery is at the convenience or pleasure of the person making the sale, within the time stipulated at the moment of sale.

Many of the phrases used in Wall Street, as well as the methods of business on the Stock Exchange, are enigmas to outsiders. What are known as "privileges" are not officially recognized by the Exchange. Yet these "privileges" form an important part in the daily life of some of the members of the Exchange. These "privileges" are known as "puts," "calls," "straddles," and "spreads." All are purchased by speculators as an insurance against losses in their operations in the market. A "put" is a contract given to receive and pay for stock at a price below the current market-price for a cash consideration, usually one per cent. A "call" is a contract to deliver stock at a price above the current quotation for a similar consideration. A "straddle" is a dual privilege either to receive or deliver stock at a price usually from two to three per cent. above or below the market figure, the consideration being about one per cent. A "spread" is a privilege in two separate contracts, one a "put," the other a "call," the consideration for which is usually larger than in the other options, say one and a half per cent. There are many other terms used on the Stock Exchange which may be briefly stated and explained. A "break" in the market is a serious decline caused by a stringency in the money market or any other similarly potent factor in stock speculations. The bear clique attacks the market, and holders unable to carry the load of stocks sell out. A marked decline in values follows; the market thereupon breaks down. "Ballooning" is to work up a stock far beyond its intrinsic worth by favorable stories, fictitious sale, or other cognate means. "Block": a number of shares, say five thousand or ten thousand, massed together and sold or bought in a lump. To "buy in" is the act of purchasing stock in order to meet a "short" contract, or to enable one to return stock which has been borrowed. "Carrying" stock is to hold stock with the expectation of selling it at an advance. A "clique" is a combination of operators controlling vast capital in order to expand or break down the market. "Conversions": bonds are frequently issued with a provision whereby they can at any moment be exchanged for equivalent stock; such securities are called convertible, and the act of substitution is styled "conversion." "Corners": when the market is oversold the "shorts" are compelled to deliver, finding themselves in a "corner." "Collaterals": any kind of securities given in pawn when money is borrowed. To "cover": where stock has been sold "short" and the market advances, the seller buys in order to protect himself on the day of delivery; this is "covering" one's "shorts." "Differences": the price at which a stock is bargained for and the rate on the day of delivery are usually not the same; the variation is known as the "difference," and occasionally brokers pay over this money balance instead of furnishing the stock; but such cases are rare. A "drop" in a stock is equivalent to a "break," except that it may possibly be due to wholly natural causes. "Forcing" quotations is where brokers wish to keep up the price of a stock, and this is generally accomplished by transactions among themselves. This is known also as "washing." To be more explicit, "washing" is where one broker arranges with another to buy a certain stock when he offers it for sale. The bargain is fictitious, and the effect, when this fact is not detected, is to keep the stock quoted, and, if the plotters buy and sell it to a high figure, to afford a basis for actual transactions. "Watering a stock" is the artifice employed to double the quantity of a stock without improving its quality.

"Long" in stocks is where an operator is carrying stock for a rise. To "load" up is where operators buy very heavily. To be "short" of the market is where an operator has sold stock which is not yet actually in his possession. "Milking the Street": the act of cliques or great operators who hold certain stocks so well in hand that they may cause any fluctuations they please, and by alternately lifting and depressing the price of the shares take all the floating money in the market. This is also known as "shearing the lambs." A "point" is a theory or a fact regarding stocks on which one bases a speculation. The market is "off" when prices have fallen either in a week, a day, or even an afternoon. A "pool" is the stock and money contributed by a clique to carry through a "corner." To "unload" is to sell out a stock which has been carried for some time. There are other phrases in the Stock Exchange vocabulary, but the foregoing are those most used in the daily routine.

Concerning the business of the New York Stock Exchange, the following comments expressed some time ago represent the sentiments of those high in authority: "The business of the Exchange is unquestionably as legitimate in theory as that of the Produce Exchange or any intermediary between the seller and the buyer. That there are grave evils incident to its operation is equally unquestioned. The war for the preservation of the Union enhanced the tendency for speculation. Sudden and violent fluctuations in the price of stocks and the daily reports in the newspapers aggravate the speculative spirit. Considerations of morality and prudence are set at naught by those who will be rich and who dream of opulence by other methods than the slow steady measures of their fathers. Professional men, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, widows, and spinsters, blinded by the glare of success, and hoping to strengthen their slender incomes, have adventured their savings upon the treacherous sea of Wall Street and lost them all. To them the Exchange Building is a whited sepulchre in which fortunes lie entombed, a sea in which voracious sharks rend or swallow the little fish who dare to enter its troubled waters, a gambling-saloon where deceit and desperation wait upon the players. It may have been such to them, simply because they made it so, not because they availed themselves of its real functions."

THE CAPTURED CUNARDER.

(*Continued from front page.*)

"Yes, indeed! 'Tis a great instrument for patriotic airs. It plays 'Let Erin remember the days of owld.'"

O'Grady laughed; he understood now. "And what are you going to do with it?" he inquired.

"It's a present I'm taking over there" (nodding at the Houses of Parliament)—"a present from owld Ireland to Salisbury and Balfour."

"Let me feel the heft of it."

Domenick reluctantly surrendered the dangerous package and all its pleasing potentialities.

"Give it back to me, O'Grady," he said.

But O'Grady did not heed, and again crossed the roadway to the wall of the Embankment, his friend following unwillingly, as he did not like either the crowd or the lights. "Give it back to me," he muttered, with an oath.

"That's all right, Domenick. It's safer for you, old man, when it's with me. You were always a musician. Well do I remember how you used to warble the ballads for us in the old times! And have you seen Maggie Burke lately? And when did you come over? And how's her father? Oh, Domenick, have a smoke, owld man, and tell me about New York."

Domenick's face was not a pleasant one. He had the heavy jaw and elongated upper lip of tenacious purpose, eyes in narrow slits, a blunt nose, a low forehead, a smoky complexion. He was uneasy, but, subject to the quiet magnetism of O'Grady, he lighted the cigar that was offered, and leaned his shoulders and elbows against the Embankment wall, facing the passers-by.

O'Grady diverted him, and led him away from himself by talk of the ship in which he had come over, and of various acquaintances in New York, especially of Maggie Burke and her friends.

"Did you not hear that her father had been appointed Street Commissioner?" Quinn asked.

"Not a word. Is it Street Commissioner he is? That's the softest thing of all, is it not?"

"It is that."

O'Grady sighed. He had had tender experiences with Maggie Burke.

"She's in Europe now," Quinn added, "and—"

There was a soft splash in the river—the brown paper parcel had slipped out of O'Grady's arm and floated off with the tide.

Domenick swore; but the culprit showed no concern; he irritated his friend still more by laughing.

"Curse you, O'Grady! You did that on purpose."

"And what if I did? 'Twas only a musical box, you said."

"Oh, but what will I say to Cronin and the Executive Committee?"

"I'll fix that for you. See here, now—jump in this cab, and go along with me."

A hansom at O'Grady's signal had pulled up at the curb, and Domenick, obedient to any suggestion, as before, entered it. The address given to the driver was a lodging-house near Eusten Square. As soon as they had started, O'Grady became serious.

"Don't speak of musical boxes," he said. "Come to Liverpool with me to-morrow. I've got a job for you. A gunner? Sure, you're the very man we want. There's to be a meeting of the Council in Liverpool to-morrow night. Cronin and all the boys will be there. I'll make it all right with them, never fear. Musical boxes! Oh, but they are foolish things to play with. Maybe you set them for a good old Irish tune, and what is it you have?—'Rule, Britannia,' or 'God Save the Queen.' And when you think they're going so nicely, where do you find yourself? Well, just think of Martin Shea boxed up in Portland Prison this very night—another martyr to the cause!"

Meanwhile the brown-paper parcel was being carried seaward by the tide without sinking, touching this object and that as harmlessly as a bit of drift-wood or a cork. It bumped against one of the piers of London Bridge, and then floated in among the channel steamers moored alongside St. Katherine's Wharf, lingering under their paddle-wheels and propellers. Then it grounded in the black noxious mud of Limehouse, and remained there till the swash of a passing tug-boat set it free to continue its journey down the river, drifting from one bank to the other, and dancing in the swell of the passing vessels, then creeping, half-submerged, in the middle of the stream. Such is the march of Death—near us when we know it not, turning aside when it would be so easy to strike us. But for all its soaking the brown-paper parcel preserved its capacity for fatal mischief. As the dawn crept over the Essex marshes all who were out-of-doors in the raw spectral mist heard a loud explosion, and those who were anywhere near the bank of the river saw a mass of splintered wood thrown high into the air. An old hulk beached in the mud below Woolwich had been blown up—how or by whom was not known, and the police investigation discovered nothing.

II.

The next evening a secret meeting was held in the back parlor of a house in the north end of Liverpool, when Captain Felix O'Grady explained to a dozen men present the scheme he had mentioned to Domenick Quinn.

"Isn't it good enough for you, gentlemen? Could you have anything better? Tell me if any of you have a prettier device for striking at the enemy!" he cried, as the drinks were tossed off.

He was flushed and excited—even eloquent as he went into the details; all of the twelve men present were with him as to the main features of the plan except Cronin, of whom Domenick had spoken the evening before. Cronin was not satisfied, and was disposed to oppose the plan. He was a gross oily man of the "heeler" type, bulky of frame, with a husky grumbling voice, a solitaire diamond pin fixed to a shirt front of unusual amplitude, and fingers so fat that the rings hooping them gave them the grooved appearance of a corkscrew.

"It would have been better to have let Domenick Quinn do what the committee instructed him to do and sent him over here to do. That's the only way you'll ever get satisfaction for Ireland, now mind me," he said. "And there will be trouble when the Executive Committee hears of your interference, O'Grady. 'Tis not ten days ago that we had a meeting in Brooklyn, and every man there was in favor of extreme measures."

"And isn't my measure extreme, Alderman? Just listen to him, boys! I don't believe, and I never did believe, in dynamite. 'Tis like hitting out at random in a crowd with your eyes shut, and you're just as likely to knock off the head of your friend as the head of your enemy. Don't strike, I say, till you're sure 'tis an Englishman, and not your uncle or your grandfather, that's going to tumble."

"Dynamite scares them devils, anyway; as for constitutional agitation—"

"I don't put faith in it myself," replied O'Grady. "There's not much that's constitutional in what I'm after, is there?" he added, with a laugh.

"Well, go over your scheme once more," said Cronin, who held the purse-strings of the secret society to which all who were there belonged. And with great gusto and vivacity O'Grady once more divulged the plan by which he declared he could do more mischief to the merchant shipping of England than the *Alabama* had done to that of the United States.

It will be rememberd that the *Rosario* was a steamer of 1100 tons, then taking on board a part of the armament for a new Argentine cruiser, including four seven-inch quick-firing Armstrongs and eight four-pounder quick-firing Hotchkiss guns. She had not yet shipped her crew, and O'Grady meant that there should not be a man on board her who was not known to him and sworn to the society then in conclave. Two mates and two engineers he was already provided with, all of them trustworthy, and from the forecastle to the stoke-hole and the stoke-hole to the cabin, there was not to be a hand whose allegiance could not be counted on. There were also to be half a dozen passengers, including Domenick Quinn; and though these would appear as citizens of the United States in the ship's papers, they would all speak with a brogue and be in league with the captain and the crew.

The ship would be cleared without suspicion or difficulty, and would take her departure from the Mersey for Buenos Ayres—ostensibly for Buenos Ayres, though O'Grady had no intention of navigating her to that port. As soon as she was out of the Channel and out of sight of land her course would be changed, and then she would lay to. The rapid-fire breech-loaders would be brought out of the hold and mounted on the deck. Domenick and the others in the cabin would cease to be passengers, and come out as members of the ship's company.

If, meanwhile, any vessel happened to sight her and inquire why she was lying to, she would signal, "Engines temporarily out of order; am making repairs; need no assistance." Again under way, she would be navigated to a position west of Fastnet, and there again be hove to in wait for the new Cunarder *Grampania*, which would sail from Liverpool three days after her. The *Grampania* was to be her prey: she was to be captured. All the armament intended for the Argentine cruiser was to be transferred to her, or as much of it as she could carry. Her captain, crew, and passengers were to be put aboard the *Rosario* and carried back to Liverpool, while the *Grampania*, a Cunarder no more, but a privateer flying the green flag, was to sweep the North Atlantic. As far as speed was concerned there was nothing she could not overhaul, for on her trial trip she had easily made twenty-four knots an hour over the measured mile in the Clyde.

But how was a "tramp" like the *Rosario*, which could not show more than twelve knots, to intercept so fast a ship? That was a matter simple enough. Hove to on the westward-bound track of the Cunard steamers, the *Rosario* would signal as soon as the *Grampania* sighted her—which she was bound to do—"My shaft is broken; I fear I am sinking," and the Cunard captain would immediately approach her closely to send off boats and facilitate communication. Then O'Grady would fire a shot across the big ship's bows, and at the same time haul up the green flag and demand her surrender.

"I'd give tin dollars to see owld Gallup's face when you do that," said one of the men present, referring to the captain of the *Grampania*. "He'll be that mad he'll turn ahead full speed and try to run you down."

"Never fear, I'll be ready for him. I've no love for Gallup," said O'Grady. "'Twas he that reported me for speaking at that Fenian meeting ten years ago. Some of our boys will be on the *Grampania*—some in the fo'c's'le, and some in the stoke-hole," he continued, "and they'll be on the look-out for us. There'll be enough of them to take care of Gallup and the officers. Ay, before he knows it Gallup and all the rest, every mother's son of them, except our boys, will be on board the *Rosario* with their noses pointed at Cape Clear. How will the *Grampania* do for an armed cruiser then, with those breech-loaders on watch along the deck and myself on the bridge?—an Admiral, but no cocked hat, and devil a bit of pride in me that I'd be bold enough to spake of."

An innocent and contagious peal of laughter burst from O'Grady, so spontaneous and so joyous that it was convincing as to the humor with which he regarded the situation and all its contingencies.

"You're always thinking about yourself, O'Grady," growled Cronin.

"About myself, is it? About myself? Not that at all. What would I be here for? What would I be losing my post and my character for but for Ireland—God bless her!"

He was entirely sincere in this; he was uncorrupted by any thought of self in the outcome of his conspiracy.

Cronin's wide mouth worked spasmodically on his cigar, rolling it from corner to corner and tilting it up and down, as though, instead of smoking it, he meant to eat it. His bleary eyes were screwed up as he critically turned them from O'Grady to Quinn and the others, who were more inclined than he was to accept the plan at once.

"The schame's not bad, I'll own," he conceded, "but I'd like to ask you a few questions, for you never had much sinse, O'Grady. When you've got the *Grampania*, if you do capture her, what then?"

"Then I mane to cruise northward and southward over the eastward and westward transatlantic tracks."

He brought out of his pocket a small chart of the Atlantic, and a list of sailings of the various lines from New York and Liverpool, and showed how to almost a certainty he could intercept all the great ships which would start from both sides the week after the *Grampania*—White Star ships, Guion ships, National ships, and Anchor Line ships, as well as the *Grampania's* new sister.

"And what will you do with them?"

"It will take a deep-sea exploring expedition to find them when I've done with them."

"Scuttle them or blow them up?" a voice inquired.

"Dynamite will be convenient," said Cronin.

"That's but a trifling daytail that we can settle after," replied O'Grady.

"And what will you do with the passengers and crew?" inquired Madden, another of the company.

"The passengers and crew of the *Grampania*, as I've told you, will go back to Queenstown in the *Rosario*. Those on the next ship we capture we'll transfer to some sailing-ship, or an owld tramp that isn't worth sinking—there's plenty of them. And so on. It's all aisy enough, trust me for that."

"You'll need to be careful of our own people," said Madden; "there'll be plenty of them in the steerage and second cabin."

"I'll be as tinder as a father to them."

"Now don't be too aisy with any damned Englishman! Make it as hot as blazes for every wan av thim."

"They'll wish they never heard of Kilmainham before I'm through with some of them."

"And the spayshee? What about the spayshee?" Cronin demanded.

"The specie, is it?" replied O'Grady. "See here now, Cronin. Do you take me for a thief that would hold up a train for what might be in the safe? The specie will have to go to the bottom with the ships. I wouldn't touch a cent of it."

This was said with a splendid conviction of probity, though it obscured the fact that sending the captured treasure to the bottom would be quite as irreparable a wrong to the owners as a theft. It did not satisfy Cronin, who bit his cigar in two in the painful abstraction caused by the thought of "boodle" lost to a world in which good liquor costs much, and the sporting proclivities of a city father cannot be gratified without additions to the allowances of small-minded tax-payers.

"It's a fayasco you'll be making; I'll not vote a cent for it," he declared, "nor take a hand in it."

O'Grady was discouraged for a moment; but he had won the others, and seeing this, Cronin did not persist in his opposition, though he had another point to make in his cross-examination.

"Maybe there's a trifle that you fellows have never thought of. What are you going to do about coal? The *Grampania* won't have more than will stand her for seven days, and of that two days' supply will be spent before you meet her."

"Give me five days on the *Grampania* and it's all I ask. I'll not sweep the seas clean—I never intended that—but what I'll do will be the greatest thing for Ireland yet."

And it was true, as he pointed out, that, barring fogs, an armed cruiser of the speed of the *Grampania*, cruising northward and southward across the tracks of the transatlantic steamers, could within five days waylay and capture, destroying if she choose, some if not all of the fleetest and newest ships of the Liverpool lines.

The smoke muffled the company in its gray and blue wreaths until Alderman Cronin's diamonds could only blink like sparks of tobacco. O'Grady's scheme was sanctioned, and he went down to the docks that night and slept on board the *Rosario*, happy in visions of a retaliation more effective than any his countrymen had yet thought of.

Two weeks later the *Rosario* left the Mersey on a midnight tide, and in addition to an unusually large crew she carried many passengers, some of whom had come on board without tickets at the moment her hawsers were slipped in the Sandon dock. This was on a Wednesday, and the *Grampania* was scheduled to sail the following Saturday.

III.

As usual, the *Grampania* called for the mails at Queenstown on Sunday, and at about two in the afternoon she slipped by Roche's Point and turned ahead full speed for New York. Full speed with her implied a velocity unprecedented on the sea. Her twin screws made the water in her wake boil like rapids of Niagara, and with each throb of her tremendous engines she reached ahead like a large projectile from a mortar. Other ships were fast, but they seemed at anchor as she overhauled them and lost them astern. As she flew along the coast the passengers who knew the headlands thought they had come closer together than they were before, so much did she lessen the time between them. Hardly had the Old Head of Kinsale been passed than Brow Head loomed up abeam, and long before sunset the pillar of Fastnet appeared as a faint gray streak upon the starboard quarter. By noon on Monday she had logged five hundred knots, and she had settled down, as the chief engineer said, to "a gait of twenty-one knots."

"Ay, but she's a gran' sheep," he declared. "I'll no be a beet surprised if we put ye ashore by Friday morning. I didna expect it, either. We've got a lot o' them Irish in the stoke-hole, but they're working like deevils. I dinna ken wha's the matter with them. It's no grog; they're unco' sober. Ay, and they're singing, and that gay ye'd think they were daft."

The captain also was in high spirits. After dinner he seated himself in a group of pretty girls on the upper deck, and gave chaffing answers to the questions they put to him as an oracle possessing the key to all mysteries.

"How much horse-power has she, captain?" one of them asked him.

"About a hundred thousand donkey-power," he said, gravely.

"My! I should think she'd blow up!"

"Oh, that wouldn't matter! All the decks are fitted in vertical grooves and supplied with air-chambers, so that in event of an explosion they would rise completely out of the hull and float in the air like the air-ships you read about. The motion is said to be delightful—far superior to that of a balloon."

They searched his face, but it was quite serious.

"Really!" they chorused.

"Really. And another interesting thing is that we burn so much coal that all the cargo we can carry is fodder for the donkeys."

It was an evening of exquisite beauty. The sea was still but for the waves of displacement, which, like the wings of an arrow, spread in oblique folds from the bow. A dull gold moon was climbing out of the sea into a clear violet sky, while the dying fires of the sunset were still glowing in the west, and gilding cloud-made mountains and lagoons. The well-content passengers, laughing and chattering, filled the deck, and gave it all the animation of a city street.

"A steamer on the port bow, sir," called the lookout in the cro'nest.

"Ay, ay."

One of the junior officers came down from the bridge to report it to the captain, and the passengers excitedly ran to the rail and searched the horizon. Only the keenest eyes, helped by the most powerful glasses, could see the faint line of a topmast pencilled some ten miles to the westward. The captain did not leave the girls, though they were anxious to drag him out of his chair to see the coming ship.

"Sit down, and I'll tell you about the biggest wave I ever saw. It was in the Gulf of Pe-Chee-Lee. I was a midshipman then, in a clipper belonging to—"

The junior officer came down again. "She's hove to, sir," he said.

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K EXCHANGE.—DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

"What do you make her out to be?"

"She's about twelve hundred tons, sir; brig-rigged; low in the water. Looks too smart for a tramp, sir; has a black funnel with a green band, but we can't make out her signals yet."

The captain went with him to the bridge, and in less than half an hour the *Grampania* was within hailing distance of the stranger. She was the *Rosario*, Captain Felix O'Grady, bound from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres. Enough light was left in the sky to show that she was flying the Argentine flag. She was, she signalled, disabled, and making water fast.

"Lower a boat and go on board, and see for yourself how she is, Mr. Bishop," said Captain Gallup to the chief officer.

Night had closed in, but the decks were now fuller of bustle than before. The *Grampania* stood up out of the calm sea gridironed with light like a town built in terraces on a cliff, and as soon as she came to a standstill she lay in a lake of white froth of her own churning, and the escaping steam roared out of her pipes like the ebullition of a newly awakened volcano. Quartermasters ran up and down along the deck; the bosun's whistle pierced the greater din with its shrillness like the voice of an uncanny bird whirling overhead. On the port side the passengers and crew hung over the rails of the three tiers of decks, and the ship, big as she was, listed under their weight. The captain fumed and fretted on the bridge. He was a kindly, humane man, but to be hove to on account of a sand-barge like that, to be delayed several hours, and to lose the prospect of a new record—it was a situation calling for strong language.

They saw the boat lowered, with the chief officer in the stern-sheets, and pull away for the *Rosario*, heaving gently on the swell, her course indicated by a lamp hung in the bow. Farther away another light pricked the darkness, and they knew it was hung over the side of the *Rosario* to show where the gangway was. Then came twenty lingering minutes of suspense and impatience, with a double measure of duration in which watches seemed to stop and the ship's bells to be suspended from their customary chronicles.

"She's coming back now, sir," said the third officer to the captain—the "extra third," for the *Grampania* had a double set of officers as well as double engines.

"Coming back! What's he been loafing so long for? I tell you, the ships have improved in my time, but I'll be hanged if the young fellows in the service have."

He impatiently shoved the arm of the telegraph over until the indicator stood opposite the sector marked "Stand by," and the chief engineer himself sent the reply to show that the order had been received.

The boat was now close alongside, and instead of the crew of ten with which she had started, twenty men or more climbed like monkeys up the ladder which hung down the port side of the *Grampania*. The officer who stood at the gangway thought some of the faces were unfamiliar, though he saw two or three others—not more—of the crew, and Mr. Bishop had not come back.

"Who are these fellows? Where's the chief officer?" he demanded.

"He staid aboard the other ship. These fellows belong to her."

This was said without any of the usual marks of respect by one of the seamen, who pushed the angry officer aside, and disappeared in the crowd on deck.

Meanwhile another boat from the *Rosario*, unlighted and unobserved, had come up to the *Grampania* on the starboard side, which was deserted. Quietly and quickly another ladder was lowered for her by two fo'c's'le hands who were in the plot, and fully thirty men swarmed on board, with Domenick Quinn at the head of them. An order was whispered among them, and they vanished in the blur of shadow and confusing patches of illumination forward. They were reenforced immediately by a third boat, which, like the second, crept alongside without attracting attention.

The captain had lost all patience. He knew the *Grampania's* boat had returned, but no one came to report to him, till he sent a quartermaster for the officer stationed at the gangway.

"Let his boat come back without him? Sent no report? Staying on board the other ship? The man must be mad! Blow the whistle there three times, and see if you can hail them. Confound him! I've a good mind to leave him there. Forty minutes gone—fourteen knots out of the run! Great heavens! what *are* we? Are we a bumboat, or a missionary schooner, or a steam-lighter? Here you, Mr. Ruddock, take the boat off again and bring some satisfactory information. I'll be—"

He could not finish; he was interrupted by a seizure which took his speech and breath away, and left him dazed as by a stroke of apoplexy. The impossible had happened; the unimaginable thing had come to pass. A strong arm was drawn about his neck, like a rope, and his arms and legs were no longer free. He struggled, and attempted to raise his voice, but he was powerless—as powerless as he would have been from amazement had he been ungagged and unfettered.

"Now you'll go and get some information yourself, old Blowhard," a voice whispered in his ear, "but I don't believe you'll find it satisfactory. Don't be afraid, though. No harm will come to you if you behave like a gentleman."

Afraid! The commander of the *Grampania*, an Englishman, an officer, and a gentleman, afraid on the bridge of his own ship! He made a mad effort to release himself and take satisfaction for the insult, but it was unavailing. He was quickly lowered, at the end of a signal halyard, from the bridge to one of the boats alongside, for conveyance to the *Rosario*.

There was not an officer of the *Grampania* who had not been similarly surprised and made captive by the boarders; all of the navigators were crowded into the mess-room, under a heavily armed guard, while the engineers were hustled out of their berths (those who had been off duty), and out of the engine-room into the steerage hospital, at the door of which Domenick Quinn placed two of his men, with orders to shoot down any one attempting to escape.

As O'Grady had predicted—as it is but fair to say he hoped—no bloodshed was necessary, however. The surprise paralyzed the whole ship, arrested all independence of action, and turned men who had been resolute and intelligent into an attitude of benumbed docility. Any reasonable contingency they might have risen to and circumvented—the accidents of fog, collision, overwhelming seas—but they could not comprehend, much less grapple with, what had befallen them, it seemed so unreal, so impossible.

The news reached the passengers slowly and through conflicting rumors and surmises, treated at first with incredulity and scoffing merriment, and then, as it was confirmed piecemeal, with indignation, alarm, and hysteria. But for an account of how they fared we can quote from a *Herald* reporter's interview with Mr. Alonzo Butts, the buyer for a dry-goods house in Walker Street:

"Well, sir, I had just lighted my second cigar after getting on the outside of a small and elegant dinner, and was whooping up the boys for an auction pool, when the *Rosario* was first sighted. All the fellows ran out of the smoking-room to see her when it was reported that she was disabled, and I put my nose out for a minute, just to get a smell of her. But I'm no yearling, and a ship at sea is no more novelty to me than a bobtail car. I've been crossing the pond and spreading myself over two continents these twenty years, and have had some tough times, too. I was in the *Batavia* that time she broke her shaft and was towed into the Azores, and we wasn't heard of for six weeks. I looked round and spoke to an old Liverpool jack, and I could see that it was going to be an all-night job bringing the crew of the *Rosario* aboard the *Grampania*, for the old salt told me that this was what they were going to do. The smoking-room was empty, so I just went and did what I always do when I'm lonesome—I curled myself up in a corner of the sofa, and slept the sleep of the innocent, the just, and the beautiful. I guess it must have been about half past nine when I woke. The steward was shaking me, as pale as a ghost. 'Wake hup, sir! wake hup!' says he. 'There's a mutiny! They 'av' chucked the capt'in overboard, and they say as the chieft officer's murdered. Wake hup, sir.' 'Don't be a derned fool,' says I. 'Mutiny, eh? Well, when there's fun of that sort goin' on I'm in for it every time. Mutiny? I'm a free and enlightened American citizen, but when there's talk of mutiny I am a born despot, with myself on the throne, as often as your Waterbury ticks, and don't you forget it!' I was madder than all Bloomingdale—that steward was such a chump—and I wrestled myself together and went on deck, feeling all the while that there was thunder in the air. 'Hello, commodore!' says I to the old salt I've spoken of. 'There's a born idiot in the smoking-room who says the Statue of Liberty has come down from her perch and there's piracy on the high seas. Have a smoke, mariner?' Well, I have my sensibilities just as much as any of the Four Hundred, and when that ancient sea-dog put his forearm against my neck, and yelled out, 'Here, Pat, is a duffer you've lost sight of,' and I was hustled down the companionway into the saloon—well, I was hurt and crushed, and ready to take a long farewell to all my glory. The saloon was just like it is when there's to be a concert for the Seaman's Orphanage—every seat filled, everybody sittin' there like children in a Sunday-school, all feeling very good and rather depressed. But standing at the four doors there was, instead of a lot of gaping stewards, as tough a gang as ever I saw, all armed with revolvers, and all of them with eyes right round their heads, like a guard at Sing Sing. A youngish good-looking fellow then jumps up—I hadn't seen him come in—and makes a speech with a brogue as soft as a feather bed. ''Tis the fortunes of war and not myself that's to blame for all the inconvenience I'm causin' you, ladies and gentlemen; but 'tis only inconvenience and not sufferin' that will come out of it, provided you trust yourselves to me, and when you've had a day or two to consider the matter, as you will before you get to Queenstown, you'll own, generous in your feelings as I can see you all are, that you're glad to have done this thing for poor old Ireland. 'Tis myself that would like to go back to Queenstown with you, and see you safe there, but I'm wanted here more than there, and I'll have to trust you to Captain Gallup. The *Rosario* is well found, and a comfortable little ship, and if you're not treated as well as I'd treat you myself, all you've got to do is to send a letter to me on board the *Grampania* at any time.'"

Beyond this point it is not necessary to follow the narrative of Mr. Butts. All night long boats were passing between the two ships, which rose and fell as if breathing on the gentle swell. A full moon flooded the sea with light so strong that it was as day. The armament originally intended for Argentina, or as much of it as had been picked out as being desirable for its new purpose, was transhipped to the *Grampania* on her own tubular life-rafts, which by their buoyancy, stability, and spaciousness made the work, carried on as it was in a calm sea, far from difficult. No attempt was made to transfer the passengers and men until sunrise, and then it took less than four hours; for the prisoners were not only made to row themselves, but those who were able to handle an oar were pressed into service, under armed guards, to expedite the abandonment of the *Grampania* by those who properly belonged to her, making trip after trip with boat-loads of passengers.

By noon O'Grady was able to muster his forces. He had brought 175 men with him from the *Rosario*, and had added to this number 60 more of his own countrymen, chiefly firemen and stokers, who had, either by prearrangement or subsequent persuasion, deserted the crew of the *Grampania*. That ship's complement was over 400, but it was by no means essential to have that number to work her as an armed cruiser, for it included over 100 cooks and stewards and deck hands, whose business it was to attend to the passengers. About 160 men would be needed in the engine-room, worked in three watches, but she could do with fewer by lying to now and then. O'Grady had misgivings that lasted as long as a breath on a window-pane. He glanced along the deck. Already Domenick Quinn had mounted the rapid-fire guns in their sockets, and they were glittering in the sunshine like forked lightning.

"Stand by the flag!" O'Grady cried. A moment afterwards he blew a whistle, and a green banner with a golden harp upon it streamed from the flag-staff astern, saluted in the solitude of the ocean by three blasts from the *Grampania's* fog-horn and the cheers of her new crew.

Captain Gallup was a witness on the bridge of the *Rosario*. No word he knew of had pungency enough for the occasion. The flag was dipped to him in mockery, and then the *Grampania* slowly drew away, and in half an hour she had melted out of sight as though she and all that had happened had been of no more substance than a dream.

IV.

The news came almost at the same moment (about four in the afternoon in Washington and nine at London) to a cabinet minister dining some important government members of the House of Commons, to the Secretary of the Navy as he glumly turned over documents in his private library which proved that three new cruisers intended to beat everything afloat were top-heavy in a moderate gale, and to the President himself entertaining unceremoniously some friends who had been familiar in days when it seemed as likely that he would be Shah of Persia as incumbent of his present office. But as it was in an evening paper, it was either laughed at or not considered at all. Journalism is the real cause of modern pessimism and unbelief. But in this instance the evening paper, without premeditation and without prejudice to its habit, had struck a "sensation" which the slower mediums of official communication could not allay or dispel. Each despatch pulsing under the Atlantic was but a new and more active excitant. The *Rosario had* been sighted off Brow Head, and Mr. Bishop *had* come ashore to Crookhaven with the news, which was verified, to the amazement and dismay of two continents. An embargo was at once placed on all ships flying the English flag which had been ready to sail either to or from American ports. But those that were already on the ocean and could not be intercepted—what of them and their passengers? Small comfort was to be had in the probability that some would escape; some also must fall into the hands of the pirates, and there was no surmise, however imaginative, that did not become a possibility. The passengers might be cast adrift on the ocean in open boats, and were an attempt made to land them in some other way, who could tell the privation and indignities they would have to suffer? There was nothing consoling in the triumphant boast of some of the Irish organs that Erin's day of reckoning had come at last, in face of the declarations of other organs of the same bias that the *Grampania* had not been captured by Irishmen at all, but by hirelings of the Conservatives bent on working mischief to the cause of home-rule.

The steamers due to arrive were anxiously watched for, and underwriters raised their premiums hour by hour. At Fire Island and Sandy Hook every puff of smoke shading the sky and creeping up the horizon drew upon itself a sheaf of telescopes, and a flotilla of tug-boats doing service as scouts ran out to investigate. A Red Star Line steamer, a French liner, and one of the emigrant boats of the Hamburg-American Line came in on time, and reported that they had seen nothing of the *Grampania*. Following them a White Star ship was due, but the day passed and she failed to arrive. When thirty-six hours left her still unreported, the surmise that she had been captured solidified itself into belief.

Despatches were rapidly exchanged between the Foreign Office in London and the State Department at Washington, and within two days of the arrival of the *Rosario* off Brow Head the new cruiser *Columbia*, her row of funnels belching smoke, passed through the Narrows of New York Harbor and out to sea in search of the marauders, the British cruiser *Blake* having in the mean while been despatched on the same errand from Halifax.

The *Blake* was no longer the flag-ship, and was commanded by Captain Mortimer Meredith, whose sobriquet in the service, derived from his humorous habit, was "Very Merry." A fellow must be humorous or he would never think of going to sea, he said, and the present expedition fell in with his disposition to regard everything as a joke and a source of amusement.

"There's blood on the moon," he said to his executive officers, standing with him on the bridge, "and when we've sunk the *Grampania*, what next? We'll put an end to the *Flying Dutchman*. Strategy is the word, my boy. Strategy, *strategy*, my grandmother said to me when I spoke about the coquetry of a girl she didn't like."

The *Blake* was by this time well to the eastward of the Banks, and her engines were slowed down to less than fourteen knots. The *Grampania* might be found anywhere, but counting the chances, Captain Meredith made up his mind that she was to be looked for to the westward of the point where she and the *Rosario* had separated.

After slowing down, he took a zigzag course, steering now southeast and then northeast, so as to alternately touch the eastward and westward routes of the regular lines. Then he turned the ship round and repeated the zigzagging manœuvre, now leading northwest, then southwest.

She was going along in this way in a moderate sea, which gave her a slight roll, when soon after midnight a light was reported on the port bow. The stars were dimmed by a little haze, and the moisture glistened on the deck and its fixtures wherever a lamp threw a ray, but it was possible to see eight or nine miles. This would not be the first ship the *Blake* had spoken since leaving Halifax. She had met several sailing-ships and four small steamers, one of the latter reporting that two days earlier a very large and fast steamer had borne down upon her from the northeast, departing suddenly after coming within hailing distance. That episode could be accounted for by the small value of the rusty little "tramp" that reported it. O'Grady disdained such quarry; no gallant highwayman would stoop to rob a tinker when on the same heath post-chaises were moving.

The white mast-head light visible over the port bow of the *Blake*, flickering, fitful, dim, when first seen, rapidly became definite, steady, brilliant, and it was soon supplemented by the red port light of the approaching ship, which evidently was travelling very fast.

Captain Meredith kept his watch in his hand, timing her to judge her rate of speed. He did not change his course, for as both vessels were now steering they would when abeam be not more than a mile apart—probably less than half of that. A smile of satisfaction showed in his face as he bent his head over the luminous bowl of the compass.

"Now if it is the *Grampania*, we'll have some fun with her," he said to the executive officer. "This is my idea: if the ships were sailing on schedule time the White Star steamer *Gigantic* would be just about where we are now—I've figured it out carefully—and O'Grady will be on the lookout for her. A nice morsel for them she'd be! Now we'll masquerade as the *Gigantic*—do you see? We'll show the White Star signals, and draw the beggar on, and keep him near us till daybreak, and then we'll let fly at him, and he'll find that he's got more than he can swallow. Eh? How does that strike you, my boy?"

It struck the captain himself very humorously, and the officers around him laughed with him at the idea—not to have laughed would have been a subversion of discipline.

Just then the approaching ship brought her green starboard light in range, showing that she had changed her course as though to cross the *Blake's* bows, or to bring her nearer to that vessel.

"What's she doing? What's she doing? Does the beggar want us to run him down?"

The two ships came precariously near.

"Now then for the signals," he said to the executive officer.

That officer blew a small silver whistle hanging from a button of his coat, and two green lights of dazzling brilliance flared up in the night with a strange theatric effect. The sea boiled and feathered around the ship in the ghastly radiance, and fragments of the fixtures on deck were protruded out of the darkness for an instant by the sudden illumi-

nation. But there was no signal from the other ship in response. She crossed the bows of the *Blake*, and then headed to the westward, evidently with the intention of keeping her company.

"She's going to wait for daybreak too," said Captain Meredith. "Well, we'll keep her warm," he added, as he went to the telegraph and set the speed at full.

The log indicated, an hour later, that his ship was making twenty knots; but the stranger held her own so far, and showed an equal speed. At six bells—still three hours from sunrise—she began to drop astern, however, almost imperceptibly.

"Getting a bit tired, eh?" said Captain Meredith. "Well, I won't be hard on you," and he put the speed at three-quarters.

A telltale flash and the report of a gun followed close upon his words, and fragments of shattered metal, rivet-heads, and splints of wire rigging fell in a shower on the heads of all who were on the bridge. A shot from the stranger had gone through one of the funnels and cut in two one of the stays.

"The saucy varlet! That comes of being too soft-hearted!" said the captain, taking his cap off to rub a slight cut on his scalp caused by one of the fragments. "Didn't that strike you as being rather heavy for a seven-inch gun, Mr. Devereaux?" he asked his executive officer.

"Remarkably so, sir—remarkably so," said the executive officer, tying his handkerchief over a cut on his wrist caused by another fragment.

"It must have been, though. She has nothing larger than a seven-inch gun—four seven-inch and eight four-pounders—that was the report."

A lieutenant who had been sent to investigate the damage done returned with one of the gunners.

"Beg pard'n, sir, but that wasn't no seven-inch gun," said the gunner.

"What was it, then? The *Grampania* has nothing else."

Another flash and a shriek in the upper air seemed to be meant for an answer.

The gunner ducked. "Blow me if that ain't a 10-inch rifle," he said, "and it was one of them that knocked the hole in the funnel!"

"Expects us to heave to, does he? He'll be sorry in the morning!" the captain said, adding, to the executive officer, "Show him the White Star signals again."

The customary night signals of a White Star ship (two green lights) were again burned, and, closely following them, another shot tore across the *Blake's* bows, without striking her, however.

"He's sure we are the *Gigantic* now, and I don't like to undeceive him; but it is most exasperating to be peppered in this way—most exasperating! Strategy is the word; but, Tomlinson, do you think you could touch him up a bit without doing much damage? The worm will turn, you know."

The captain rubbed his head again, and when he withdrew his hand it was moist with blood.

Tomlinson was the gunner. "Yes, sir," he replied, cheerily. "I think we could—just nudge him, sir, to show him where our feet are, so as he won't tread on 'em, sir."

One of the smaller guns of the *Blake* was quickly manned, and a shot fired at the pursuing stranger as a gentle remonstrance. It was more provocative than a vehement protest would have been, and it at once drew on the *Blake* a succession of remarkably well aimed shots, one of which ploughed a furrow in the forward deck, while another went through a ventilator just aft of the bridge as though the metal had been sheet-glass.

"We must humor the beggar, I suppose," Captain Meredith now said, rather ruefully, and gave orders to slow down the engines and signal the other ship that he would heave to till morning. She appeared to be satisfied with this, and coming within a quarter of a mile of the *Blake*, she also hove to, waiting for daylight.

Captain Meredith had his crew called to quarters, and did not leave the bridge all night. Every light observable on the other ship, every sign of life, was instantly reported to him, but his own scrutiny anticipated the information. The glass was never out of his hands, and seldom dropped below his eyes, which strove to pierce the darkness until they ached.

As the sun's approach was foretold by paling stars and a misty whiteness it was slow in answering the questions of the watchers, to whom its revelations came piecemeal and delayed.

"The *Grampania* has got a black hull, has she not, Mr. Devereaux?"

"Yes, sir."

"Curious. This seems to be gray."

"Effect of morning light, sir."

"No; it *is* gray. They must have repainted her. How many funnels has she?"

"Two, by rights, sir."

"I thought so. What do you mean by saying 'by rights?'"

"I believe I can make out three, sir."

"So there are! No, by Jove! there are four. Yes, four funnels and a gray hull! It is not the *Grampania* at all! What the deuce is it?"

An old quartermaster was standing by. "Ax pard'n, sir, but I know what that wessel is."

"Well, sir, what is she?"

"Ax pard'n, sir, but I don't like to say."

"Don't be an idiot! What is she?"

"Can't you see, sir? I was aboard that wessel in New York when I was on furlough, sir, at the navy-yard. Hit's the *Columbia*, sir."

It was, indeed, the new United States cruiser *Columbia*, with four funnels and triple screws, which had been chasing the English ship without a suspicion of her character, and with a conviction that she was the captured Cunarder.

V.

Neither the most peevish of old fo'c's'le jacks nor the least responsible of boys could stand on the bridge of the *Grampania*, and observe her proportions and the completeness of her equipment, without a thrill of pride. The funnels slope upward like two leaning towers, and have a circumference that would allow two railway trains to pass through either at once. The water-line is as far below as it would be from the cross-trees of an ordinary ship. The cro'nest for the lookout is a hundred feet high, and such are the luxuries, as well as the necessaries, provided that a steam-pipe is carried up to it to keep the feet of the watch warm in winter. Eight separate telegraphs stand in a row, and communicate not only with the engines and the steering-gear, but with capstans, windlasses, and deck machinery. To stand up here and be captain of it all! O'Grady never had harder work in his life to control his emotions than he did as he looked fore and aft along the splendid deck and gave the word to turn ahead full speed.

But hopeful as he was, he knew well enough that the work before him would not be easy. Some of the men were unruly and contumacious; he had to deal with them peremptorily—to dispossess them of their personal arms, to attempt to imbue them with a spirit of discipline. Some of his engineers were unfamiliar with twin-screw ships, and with many of the new inventions which were to be found all over the *Grampania*; it was necessary for them to proceed with caution to avoid errors, which, if once made, could hardly fail to be disastrous. Fortunately, however, one of them had been in the ship before her capture, and he was invaluable. Neither the fo'c's'le hands nor those in the stoke-hole and engine-room yet understood how simply patriotic the captain's intentions were, and the expectation of unlimited prize-money kept them in good spirits.

During the afternoon a large steamer was sighted to the northward, and O'Grady at once gave chase to her. She surrendered easily, and proved to be a cattle-boat, the *Bulgaria*, bound from Liverpool to Boston. Her own crew was placed in confinement, and a prize-crew put on board, with orders to keep in company with the *Grampania*.

"Why not sink her? I don't know what you are thinking of!" Quinn complained to O'Grady.

"I keep my thoughts to myself, like a gentleman, and I'd thank you to keep that in mind, Domenick Quinn. But since you are an old friend, I'll tell you. I'm going to keep her by me as a tender, and when we catch a big ship we'll transfer the crew and passengers to her, and send her off to Queenstown or to Halifax, so that we'll not be bothered by them on board here."

"Twould be better to sink them all."

"And what would you do with the people?"

"Let them have their own boats. They'd soon be picked up."

"Don't be indacent! The mother that bore you would be ashamed of you, Domenick. But never you fear! If 'tis your skill as a gunner you're thinking of, I'll give you some pretty targets yet."

During the night another steamer was sighted, but as she showed the signals of the North German Lloyd, the *Grampania* replied with those of the Cunard line, and allowed her to pass unmolested as a neutral.

The following day was spent, with the engines dead-slow, in examining the stores and storing away the ammunition that had been brought on board from the *Rosario*. Four stewards belonging to the former crew were found secreted in the steerage, and before he let it be known that he had discovered them O'Grady took them with him, and quietly set them to work in emptying overboard all the spirits he could find. He knew that with such a crew as he had there was no greater danger than that which would come if they had access to drink. In their presence he had ceased to be the easy-going jovial commander: he was sharp and exacting, though it was still his magnetism which controlled them.

Late in the day a Guion steamer, apparently the *Alaska*, was reported, bound west, but as soon as she sighted the *Grampania* she went about in an extraordinary fashion, as if alarmed, and was lost in the darkness of the night.

"What does that mean?" said Quinn.

"'Tis plain enough. The *Rosario* must have spoken her and warned her, bad luck to her! Once the old ship gets to Queenstown and tells the story, not another one of them will venture out. But there's plenty to do in the mean time. The *Gigantic* will be along here presently, and to-morrow we may fall in with the *Cistercia*."

The latter was the *Grampania's* sister, and no bigger prize could be expected.

O'Grady's prediction was verified early the next day. The *Grampania* was headed eastward, and proceeding at a speed of not more than five knots, when a ball of smoke was discovered floating up over the rim of the western horizon. It swelled in volume until it made a great brown blot that seemed to fill all the space between the sea and the sky, and it rolled nearer and nearer to the *Grampania*, as if driven by a hurricane. So copious was it that the ship making it was almost invisible until she was within five miles of O'Grady's vessel. Then the two light sparless poles and the two enormous red funnels, counterparts of those of the *Grampania*, showed that she was indeed the peerless sister of that vessel. It was clear that the relationship was mutually recognized, for the *Cistercia* was seen to alter her course to bring herself as near as possible to her sister ship. As O'Grady knew, only one inference could be entertained by those on board her—that the *Grampania* had broken down, and was returning to Queenstown, with the *Bulgaria* attempting to assist her. She came up astern rapidly, and then slowed down until she was close abeam. A string of bunting, bright as a flock of pigeons in the sun, fluttered up her halyards. "What is the matter? Do you need assistance?"

"No, but you do," O'Grady said to himself, with a chuckle, as he ordered the answer: "Both engines disabled; stand by us; send the captain on board."

A boat from the *Cistercia* was soon alongside, and the captain of that ship cautiously pulled himself up the ladder.

The moment he reached the deck he saw at a glance that something was wrong—something not related to the engines, whatever their condition might be. Where was his old friend Gallup? The deck was dirty and disordered, and no uniformed officers or neat-looking seamen were in sight. What had become of the passengers? He sprang for the rail—he is still an active man—and attempted to regain the ladder, but three or four men pressed upon him and shoved him down one of the companionways. A cloth was bound over his mouth and a cord knotted around his wrists.

Hearing the struggle, the men in the boat attempted to shove off, but they were instantly covered by a dozen revolvers.

"Come aboard here, every mother's son of you, or you'll never feel a deck under your ugly feet again!" roared Quinn.

They hauled the boat up to the ladder, obeying with alacrity, and were driven forward under the cover of the same revolvers.

The *Cistercia* was so near that all that happened could be plainly seen from her bridge through a glass, and though the chief officer lost his presence of mind for a moment, he recovered it enough to see that it would be wise to put a greater distance between his ship and the other, though he had no thought of abandoning his commander. He started the engines again, and O'Grady, seeing this, supposed that it was an attempt to escape. He at once ordered his own engines "Ahead—full speed!"

No reply came from the engine-room, and he repeated the order, and looked astern for the froth of the screws. The ship continued at a standstill, while the *Cistercia* was rapidly drawing away.

"We'll lose her! We'll lose her!" he cried, as he telegraphed for a third time.

An engineer came running up the ladder to the shade-deck and thence to the bridge. The engines would not move. What had been a fiction was now a fact; the *Grampania* was disabled—how and to what extent had not yet been discovered. O'Grady looked ruefully after the *Cistercia*.

"If she knew now she'd be off like a bird," he moaned. "Ah, but she does not know it, and we'll have her yet," he said, finding quick consolation after his own fashion.

The seven-inch gun on the port bow was already loaded, and he gave the order to fire. Quinn's aim was true. The shot went through one of the starboard boats and cut as with scissors one of the wire shrouds. The *Cistercia* took the hint, slowed down, and then, in answer to the *Grampania's* signals, came back to her former position.

The captain was now released, and sent back to his ship under an armed guard, forty of O'Grady's men having preceded him and taken possession of her. A brisk fight had occurred before they were allowed to board her, but another shot had compelled her surrender.

"Lower your boats, and transfer yourselves to the *Bulgaria* as fast as you can."

These were O'Grady's orders to the captive commander.

"What do you mean to do, you villain?" he asked, helplessly and sullenly.

"Pay an old debt," was the only answer vouchsafed by O'Grady.

He hurried the transfer, and before it was over the *Cistercia* had already begun to sink, the sea pouring into her through several open valves and ports. He then recalled his men both from her and the *Bulgaria*, and returned with them on board the *Grampania*.

The *Bulgaria*, now in possession of only her own crew and the crew and passengers of the *Cistercia*, seemed inclined to linger on the scene, like a creature stunned by misfortune; but O'Grady, emphasizing the message with another gun, signalled her to proceed on her course immediately, as he feared that if she delayed his own disabled condition would be discovered.

The wind began to howl and threaten a gale, and the sun went down casting red gleams through banks of purplish-blue clouds. The *Bulgaria*, slowly steaming away, became but a mote in the eye, and the mote itself dissolved; the last feather in her trail of smoke was brushed away. The dark hull of the *Cistercia* was sagging under the flood that was pouring into her, and those who watched her wondered that she kept afloat so long. Before the daylight had quite gone they saw, or imagined they saw, a strange movement in her, like that of an animal shaking itself, and then, bow in the air, the noble ship, which less than a year ago had cost two million dollars, disappeared forever in the engulfing sea.

The accident to the engines had not been serious, and five days later the *Grampania* was hove to in a fog on the Banks of Newfoundland. She had captured six of the newest and fastest ships on the ocean, representing a value of fully twelve hundred thousand pounds, including the *Gigantic*, which she had fallen in with on the morning following the sinking of the *Cistercia*. But now she had less than fifty tons of coal left, and her capacity for mischief was nearly gone. A small steamer, bound from Halifax for Trinidad, had been taken, and was kept close alongside. She was to be used as a consort and tender until the moment came when it would be necessary to abandon the *Grampania*, which was then to be scuttled, while the crew were to retreat to the smaller vessel, and proceed in her to a South or Central American port, and there disperse.

All of O'Grady's calculations had so far been verified, and while his confidence in himself had increased, his crew had learned to regard him with superstitious awe. Whatever he predicted came to pass in a miraculous way, so that now when he expressed a belief that before the *Grampania* was abandoned they would capture still another White Star ship, his men looked upon it as being as good as done.

"The *Cosmic* ought to be here this afternoon," he said. "The only fear I have is that she may get by us in the fog."

He went on board the smaller ship—the *Bogota*—to superintend some changes that were being made in her, when the harsh, ear-splitting whistle of a large steamer pierced the air.

"What did I tell you?" he said, exultantly. "I'm not infallible, like the Pope, but, take my word for it, that's the *Cosmic*."

He had left orders that the sound of any whistle was to be answered with continuous blasts by the *Grampania*, to convey the idea that she was in distress, and to draw the prey on; and that ship now gave vent to a barbarous dissonance which reached far over the waters. The answering blasts were loud and frequent, and rapidly grew nearer and more powerful.

"She must be close aboard!" O'Grady cried, excitedly. "Give way there, boys, or it will be too late."

He was attempting to rejoin the *Grampania*; but before he was half-way towards her the other ship unburied herself out of the white silky fog. He stood up in the stern-sheets and let the tiller-ropes fall from his hands. He looked for two cream-colored funnels, and saw four; for a black hull, and saw a white one. He had caught a Tartar. The new-comer was not the *Cosmic*, but the cruiser *Columbia*, which, not deceived this time, as by the *Blake*, had fulfilled her mission.

The *Grampania* attempted to steam away, but was brought to by three shots, which followed one another so peremptorily that the crew saw that resistance was hopeless. They then attempted to escape in the boats, but, panic-stricken as they were, they could not lower them before a boarding party from the cruiser had taken possession.

Meanwhile, however, O'Grady had rowed back to the *Bogota*, and putting on all steam, had vanished in the fog. The *Columbia* did not follow him, but after securing all the prisoners in the steerage, she took the Cunarder in tow, and in three days arrived with her off Fire Island.

Even his intimate friends profess to believe that O'Grady never reached land, but went down in the *Bogota*. This may be so, for that vessel is on the underwriter's books as "missing"; but there is an officer of the new Brazilian navy who looks very much like him, and who was promoted not long ago for an exploit of extraordinary daring. His name is Castilian, but the brogue in his speech leads the listener to infer that he was educated abroad. As two and two make twenty-two as well as four, combinations of that kind have a degree of uncertainty; but one may draw one's own inferences from the fact that the wife of this officer was formerly Miss Maggie Burke, of New York.

CANADIAN COURT LIFE.

THE proxy glories of a province are semi-pathetic, semi-humorous. It depends upon the point of view. The looker-on in Ottawa to-day is stirred by the symbol of that absent power over-seas, or amused by the lack of visible evidence of power, according to his temperament. Two of these strangers from "the States" exchanged anecdotes the other evening after the Drawing-Room. Their stories show both sides of the question.

Said one: "You remember when one god meets another god outside the gates of heaven, and says to him, 'You look tired; what have you been doing?'

"'Making worlds,' replies the tired god; 'and, I say, how do you polish off your worlds?'

"'Oh, I put men on them to polish them for me.' Then the gates of heaven closed behind the gods."

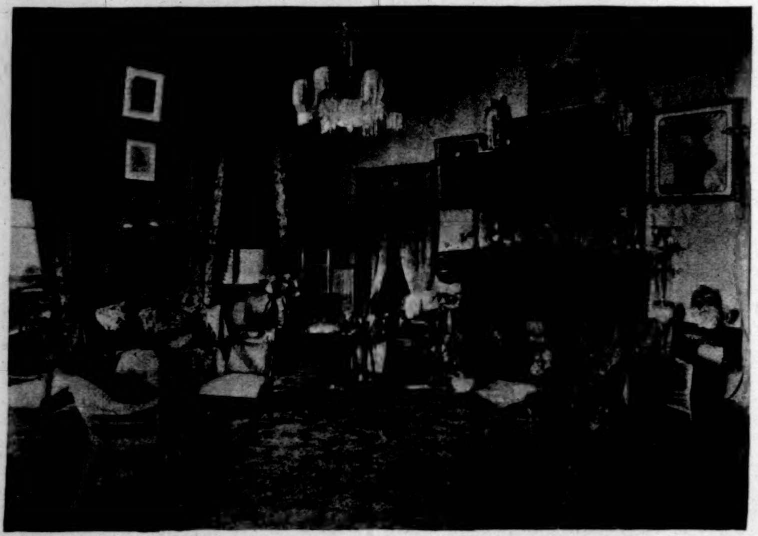
By which anecdote I take it that a Canadian court scene suggested, as do most mundane functions, the extreme pettiness and brevity of human endeavor. This represents the philistine point of view.

The other anecdote came from an idealist. "Don't you recall," she said, "that when Balzac was dying he cried out, petulantly: 'Send for the doctor Sevier. If Dr. Sevier were here he would save me.' Now the doctor was created by Balzac himself, and only lived in this world as Colonel Newcome lived, and as Hamlet lives still."

It is in much the same way that the divine right of kings and that England's power live here—live with that sentimental symbolic existence as hard to kill and lay as only ghosts and memories are.

These thoughts are pertinent at the moment because this is Ottawa's great social season. It comes later than usual this year, for the Drawing-Room was postponed on

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, WITH HIS AIDES AND HOUSEHOLD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOPLEY.



DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

account of the death of Lady Aberdeen's father. So the pomps and ceremonies did not really begin until the state dinner, late in April, followed by the Drawing-Room, and continued during May by a series of evenings at home held at Government House, *alias* Rideau Hall, and weekly garden parties which last through June.

When the notice of the Governor-General's Drawing-Room appeared in the Ottawa papers the mind travelled back to Drawing-Rooms in London. Visions of outriders and powdered wigs flashed before one's eyes; the fuss and feathers that pervade the town, the pageantry of court dress, the tossing plumes, the time-honored lappets, the sweep of court trains, the jewels, and that array of human beauty and chivalry that makes an Anglo-Saxon heart beat with pride. From the civic glory of the diamond star on the Lord Mayor's breast to the soberer, sterner honors of the Victoria Cross, everywhere are signs and symbols that stir the soul. Nowhere else does history visibly and majestically stalk before the human mind in so stately a processional. No such pageant is of course possible in this province over-seas. Yet the carriages that draw up in line before the Parliament buildings on Parliament Hill pause before as stately a pile as one finds anywhere in America, now that the glory of the White City has vanished. The rugged poetry of gray stone, the curve of arches, and the long straight tower-lines, the wide sweep of space circling from before the buildings, make a satisfying setting for a royal function. If the simplicity of the carriages and the quiet crowd accentuate the difference between this and the mother country, they indicate in a thrilling picture the glory of the state to Canada. There is no saving of expense on Parliament Hill, in the building of the Parliament houses, or in the beautiful library near by—a library so perfect that our Congressional records of the United States are better collected, under one roof, and are easier of reference, than we find them in Washington. Plato must

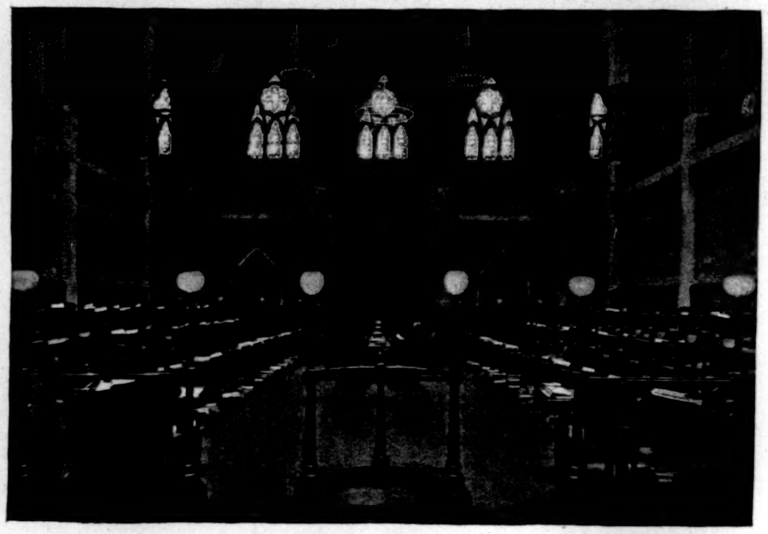
THE HOUSE.

smile, out in the Ewigkeit, when he sees his dream come true—the simplicity of the individual and the glorification of the state.

It is in the Senate-Chamber that the Drawing-Room is held. Before their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen the loyal subjects of the greatest little woman of the greatest little country and its wide provinces in all this wide world present themselves, in single line, drop their courtesies or make their bows, and pass on to observe those who come after. The courtesy is the feature of the evening. It is watched by critical eyes, and later discussed. Even the salutations of their Excellencies themselves are not above discussion or comparison. No one bowed as the Princess Louise did, it is still loyally asserted, graduating the degree of her graciousness to the deference and depth of the subject's courtesy. It was a pleasant and a dignified sight—the Household and aides in full uniform, and Major Urquhart, of the Cameronian Guards, glorious in the grandeur of his Highland regiment, paraded the place with as stirring an effect as an entire regiment would have done. The procession of fair dames and sturdy British men was up to the occasion in pose and poise, and although court dress was conspicuous by its absence, though there were no jewels to speak of, a statelinesss born of the moment prevailed, and the simplicity excluded from the scene or the description that terrible adjective vulgar, which our own duchesses dorées, in spite of the perfection of their toilets and the wonder of their royal jewels bought with democratic gold, often find joined to the accurate portrayal of their pomps and vanities.

Two little pages, in blue velvet court costumes, with big white ruffs, bore my lady's train as she passed out to the familiar strains of "God save the Queen."

In piquant opposition to these semi-royal functions are the life at Government House and the views of Lady Aberdeen. Rideau Hall is a scrambling, rambling gray-stone structure with no architectural beauty, and the frugal air, on entering, astonishes strange



THE SENATE.

eyes. Two mismatched coal-stoves decorate the sides of the hall, and sheets of tin are tacked irregularly against the cheaply papered wall and the banisters to protect them from the heat. The floor is covered with oil-cloth. Lady Aberdeen's views match this plain democratic aspect of things. At the evenings at home the guests are entertained by the singing and piano-playing of the women employees. At the Drawing-Room two of the four ladies-in-waiting were the private secretary of her Excellency and the children's governess. The dear Thackeray, who rejoiced over Miss Wirts's position in the Snob family, would have been still more deeply touched by this recognition of a self-supporting, charming gentlewoman. More democratic still are the clubs at Government House. Haddo Club was formed by Lady Aberdeen for the family, and family includes the servants. The butler is the president. The members meet every Thursday evening, talk, discuss, relate. A gardener told of his travels in Norway at a recent meeting of the club. The servants are given the prefix of Mr. and Mrs. and Miss, and Mrs. Jones and Miss Smith, housemaids, find themselves elevated to the same social plane as the rest of the household. There is a tennis club made up of servants that plays each week against the club composed of aides.

Our philistine friend might suggest that there was a Gilbertian flavor to this democratic court life. Certainly the contrasts are striking, and "Captain Reece, commanding of the mantel-piece," could hardly have obliterated rank more completely in his

"efforts to
Promote the comfort of his crew"

than does her Excellency in this levelling to one rank all her household.

Our idealist would, however, feel the truer modern note struck by this large-minded woman, and appreciate its significance. Certainly, while the present Governor-General represents the Queen here, the court of Canada may be called the most democratic exhibition of royalty in the world.

M. M. M.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE.

BY H. WICKHAM STEED.

WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

AUGUST BEBEL.

I.—GERMANY.

"WHAT is socialism?" asked the judge of Proudhon, the French socialist, when the latter was on trial for his share in the insurrection of 1848. "Socialism is every aspiration towards social amelioration," was the reply. "Then we are all socialists," returned the judge.

As a definition, Proudhon's statement lacks precision, but it serves to indicate the broad, almost undefinable character of socialism, which is, indeed, an economico-moral tendency rather than a concrete fact. In the economic sphere it is a tendency to replace the present social order by one under which land, capital, and all the means of production and distribution shall be owned and controlled by the community for the benefit of all its members, instead of being, as at present, the property of a relatively small number of individuals. In the moral sphere, socialism is an attempt to realize the utilitarian ideal of the greatest happiness for the greatest number; it asserts the social origin and plastic developable character of morality, and makes war upon poverty and asceticism.

Socialism is a joint product of the two great revolutions which occurred simultaneously in methods of economic production and in modes of philosophic thought at the end of the last and beginning of the present century. The word itself was coined in 1835, during the discussion of Robert Owen's theories. Since that time it has generally been used to denote more or less utopian schemes, such as those of St.-Simon, Fourier, Cabet, Bellamy, and others, but now, evolutionist philosophy, in substituting a dynamic for the old statical conception of the nature of society, has given the death-blow to utopianism, and created a socialism of a more scientific description. The central idea of contemporary socialism is that the enormous aggregate increase of wealth resulting from the use of machinery and capitalistic methods of production has, instead of benefiting the whole community, passed into the hands of the comparatively small number of individuals forming the capitalist class, whilst the wage-earners, to whose efforts the increase is mainly due, are left relatively poorer and more miserable than before. The socialist movement now going on all over the civilized world is largely an attempt on the part of the working-classes to obtain possession of political power in order to insure a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry. It is, in fact, an endeavor to extend the democratic principle from the political to the economic sphere, to secure industry of the people, by the people, for the people, and to relegate competition to the ethical domain.

In no two countries does the socialist movement wear exactly the same aspect, for, plastic phenomenon that it is, it adapts itself everywhere to existing conditions. It has had a remarkable past, but possesses also a profound significance for the present and future. Hitherto the work of socialism has been chiefly negative and critical; the infinitely harder task of construction and synthesis has yet to be accomplished, and, in all probability, as its proposals are submitted to the rough test of experience, they will undergo radical modification. Nevertheless, whatever may be its future, socialism has already rendered valuable service by emphasizing the historical and ethical conceptions of political economy, by forcing the condition of the poor and suffering upon the attention of the world, and in providing a trenchant criticism of the existing social order.

Just as a century ago France took the initiative in political emancipation, so Germany claims to be preparing the social emancipation of to-day. Thanks to past and present political and economic conditions, to the classic German philosophy and the influence of the historical school of economists, to widespread popular education, and to the Prussian idea of the state omnipotent, socialism has gained ground in Germany with astonishing rapidity. Three periods can be clearly traced in its history—the first from 1840 to 1852, when Weitling, Friedrich Engels, and Karl Marx, in touch with Parisian socialists, attempted to create a German counterpart of the French movement, being forced, however, by the failure of the French revolution of 1848 and the prompt suppression of risings which occurred in the Rhine provinces in the same year, to abandon the attempt for a time and to retire to London. The second period begins in 1862, with the formation of the "General Association of German Working-men" under Ferdinand Lassalle—a semitic genius of vast learning and marvellous energy. Lassalle met with considerable success, due chiefly to his own fire and eloquence, but in 1864 was killed in a duel, his death being followed by a split in his party, the prospects of which were not improved by the formation in London of Marx's "International Association of Workers," nor by the organization, in 1865, of the German Social Democratic Workmen's party under Liebknecht and Bebel, disciples of Marx.

For the next ten years, 1865 to 1875, there were two socialist parties in Germany—the Lassallians under Von Schweitzer, and the Marxists under Liebknecht and Bebel. The former party was purely national in its aims, but the latter, at any rate at first, directly connected with the "International Association." The progress of both sections was slow until after the financial crisis which followed the Franco-German war, but at the elections of 1874 the Lassallians succeeded in securing three and the Marxists seven seats in the Reichstag, while the combined socialist vote amounted to 375,000, or five per cent. of the entire poll. At the Congress of Gotha in 1875 a reconciliation was effected between the two parties and a common programme agreed upon. Two years later the number of socialist deputies was increased by two, and in 1878, in spite of the discredit cast upon the party by the attempts of Hödel and Nobiling to assassinate the Emperor, its aggregate vote amounted to 600,000, whilst nine deputies were returned.

As a matter of fact, the socialists were not responsible for the attacks on the Emperor, but Bismarck profited by the general indignation thereby aroused to pass a law enabling magistrates to prohibit "societies aiming at the subversion of existing social and political order by social-democratic, socialist, or communist efforts." The measure remained in force until October, 1890, when it was allowed to lapse, as it had utterly failed to check the spread of socialism. The organization of the Social-Democratic party had always been remarkably good, but Bismarck had hoped that vigorous enforcement of this law would suffice to destroy it; that with leaders imprisoned or exiled, literature confiscated, journals suppressed, and meetings prohibited, socialism would cease to be an active political force. Never was hope more futile. Beyond causing a slight diminution of the Social-Democratic poll at the two ensuing elections, the principal effect of the law was to enable the party to emerge at the end of thirteen years with double its former strength, with organization and methods of propaganda far more efficient than before, and now working entirely in secret. Moreover, whilst so lengthy a period of repression had strengthened rather than weakened the disposition of the German working-classes to believe in the desirability of a socialist régime, the common danger had served to unite socialists of every shade of opinion, inducing them to waive personal differences in order to combine in outwitting the government. Recent history furnishes few more curious spectacles than that of the Iron Chancellor in the rôle of a latter-day Balaam—blessing where he would fain have cursed.

Freed from the pressure of the Anti-Socialist Law, social democracy sprang up with a bound. In 1887 the party vote had been 780,000; in 1890 it was 1,427,000, and in June, 1893, no less than 1,800,000, forty-four deputies being returned at the last election. At present it is numerically the strongest party in the empire. Doubtless much of this progress is due to the increasing weight of economic conditions upon the working-classes, but it is also a result of the vigorous propaganda carried on, of the efficient organization, and of the able leadership of the party. How able the leadership, and how perfect the organization, no one can appreciate who fails to grasp the fact that the socialists are thoroughly in earnest. Besides the actual leadership there is the official management of the party, undertaken by a Central Committee whose members are pledged to secrecy, and who have a special secret organization of their own, confidence being placed in them according to rank. There is also a distinct organization for electoral purposes, each member of the Central Committee having under him a number of confidential assistants, of whom secrecy and obedience are expected; and as both requirements are as much in their own interest as in that of the cause, violations of trust or cases of insubordination are rare. The party discipline, though strict, is not tyrannous, being rather a voluntary unanimity acquired by experience than a uniformity imposed from above by drill-sergeant methods.

The Social-Democratic programme, framed chiefly for purposes of propaganda, includes the following reforms: Universal suffrage by ballot for all German subjects above twenty years of age, without distinction of sex; direct legislation by the people by means of the referendum, with right of initiative and veto; universal military education by substitution of militia for standing army; abolition of all restrictions on freedom of expression and right of meeting; abolition of all laws placing woman at a disadvantage as compared with man; secularization of education and declaration that religion is a private matter; free administration of the law, and free medical assistance; graduated income and property tax; fixation of a normal working-day, which shall not exceed eight hours. As the socialist party only forms a small minority of the Reichstag, none of these proposals can be carried out, and in consequence the party leaders pay more attention to political tactics than to the construction of a programme. They regard the tribune of the Reichstag as a pulpit whence they can preach to all the inhabitants of the Father-land, and they attach more weight to criticising proposed legislation than to making futile attempts to carry out independent reforms.

Inseparable from the history of German socialism are the names of two remarkable men—Wilhelm Liebknecht and August Bebel. The former is now sixty-eight years of age, and in spite of half a century of hardship, struggle, persecution, exile, and imprisonment, is still working vigorously at the head of his party. A thoroughly disinterested man, of exemplary character, much learning, and wide experience, Herr Liebknecht is one of the most remarkable figures in contemporary German politics. I have often met him, and have had opportunities of observing him under very varying circumstances. Sometimes at his home in Charlottenburg, sometimes when strolling with his family and friends in the Grünewald near Berlin, and sometimes when taking

VON VOLLMAR.

FRAU CLARA ZETKIN.

PAUL SINGER.

the evening meal in a sheltered "Biergarten"; now at the tribune of the Reichstag, scornfully criticising the government military proposals, now at his editor's desk, penning a more than usually pungent article for the next day's *Vorwärts*, and again at the Zurich International Socialist Congress, beseeching the delegates in a brief but burningly eloquent speech not to waste precious time discussing the childish proposal of a universal strike. In any situation Herr Liebknecht's force of character makes itself felt, whilst his kindly courtesy is not easily forgotten. He is a man whose steady enthusiasm and unswerving devotion to a theoretic ideal have entailed much personal hardship and pecuniary loss, which, however, have but served to strengthen his will and increase his faith—to mellow rather than modify his zeal.

Liebknecht's friend and comrade, August Bebel, is a man of a totally different type. The former, chief of German socialism, is sage and didactic; the latter, its apostle, is an embodiment of fiery energy, and probably unequalled as a socialist orator. His voice is clear and penetrating, and he speaks with a nervous eloquence that compels the attention of his audience. As a writer, too, he has acquired considerable fame, and by his literary activity has contributed greatly to spread socialist doctrines in Germany—a fact the more noteworthy seeing that he had not, like Liebknecht, the advantage of a university training, but formerly worked as a turner. He was not originally a socialist, his first speech having been delivered in 1863 against the principle of universal suffrage, and it was while studying in order to refute the writings of Lassalle that he became acquainted with socialist doctrines. His conversion was due to the influence of Liebknecht, with whom he has ever since been associated. Although, as a result of a somewhat meagre early education, Bebel may to a certain extent lack Liebknecht's breadth of view, his great natural ability largely compensates any such defect, whilst his enthusiasm and energy enable him to overcome many a difficulty that would daunt a man more calculatingly prudent. He takes a keen interest in international politics, and knows well the value of tactful diplomacy, but he believes that in matters oratorical clear statements of fact are more convincing than skilful dialectic, and pungent sarcasm more effective than delicate irony. To know the man only from his writings and speeches is to misconceive him. The real Bebel is quick, intelligent, sympathetic, and honest to the core, with an extraordinary memory, vivid imagination, and a faculty of clothing his thoughts in forcible and picturesque language.

At present the leadership of the German Social-Democratic party is virtually in the hands of a triumvirate, for of late years the onerous duties of Liebknecht and Bebel have been shared by Herr Paul Singer, a man of considerable wealth, who brings to the aid of the socialist cause a mind whose natural aptitude for leadership and organization has been developed by years spent at the head of a large commercial undertaking. He is a powerfully built man of about fifty years of age, whose kindly, almost jovial disposition and capacity for seeing the bright side of things make him a universal favorite. But though *suaviter in modo*, Herr Singer is also *fortiter in re*, and as a chairman of congresses is perhaps unsurpassed. Both the President of the French Chamber and the Speaker of the English House of Commons might with advantage study his methods of despatching business, controlling a heated discussion, or ruling a disorderly assembly.

Such are the three men at the head of what a recent non-socialist writer describes as "the most remarkable movement of the nineteenth century." Though differing widely in character, they are singularly adapted to one another, and between them possess most, if not all, the qualities necessary for the leadership of a great party. Their efforts are ably seconded by Von Vollmar, Auer, Grillenberger, Dietz, Frau Zetkin, and other less prominent leaders. The first named, Herr Von Vollmar, chief of the Bavarian socialists, is perhaps the most romantic figure in the German Social-Democratic movement. A member of one of the oldest families of the Bavarian aristocracy, he entered the army at the age of fifteen, serving through the Austrian war of 1866, and subsequently as a volunteer in the army of the Pope. In 1870 he rejoined the Bavarian army in order to take part in the war against France, during which he received a wound so severe that it closed his military career and left him at the age of twenty-one a cripple for life. He then determined to enter the Church, and with the indomitable energy which is his distinguishing characteristic, set about completing his education long before his wound was healed. The chief result of his studies, however, was his conversion from Catholicism to socialism, and he left the military hospital an ardent disciple of Marx, whose teachings Von Vollmar has for twenty years labored to spread amongst the Bavarian democracy. In Bavaria his popularity and influence are enormous, but his views are somewhat too moderate to suit his Northern colleagues, some of whom suspect him of nationalistic leanings. Truth to tell, Vollmar is an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary socialist. He refuses to wax enthusiastic over his comrades' internationalist propaganda, and has more than once held up to ridicule the fervid prophecies of Bebel. As far as is known no serious differences exist between him and the Central Committee, although his failure to attend the last party congress at Cologne gave rise to considerable comment. The possibility of a split with Vollmar and his Bavarian followers is perhaps the greatest danger now threatening the German Social-Democratic party.

Specially noticeable amongst German socialists also is Frau Clara Zetkin, leader of the woman's movement. Married comparatively young to a Russian exile in Paris, her life was for eight years a continual struggle against poverty. At the death of her husband she returned to Germany, devoting all her energies to the task of winning working-women to the socialist cause. Her ability, brightness of manner, and personal charm have made her one of the most popular members of the party, while her passionate eloquence renders her its most successful female agitator. At present she edits a socialist journal at Stuttgart, but is never so happy as when she can get away for a few weeks "auf der Agitation."

Various attempts have been made in Germany from time to time, both by the Protestant and Catholic churches, to organize socialist parties on a religious basis, but none have met with more than moderate success. In 1863 Dr. Döllinger and Bishop Ketteler endeavored to bring the working-class movement within the pale of the Catholic Church, and though at one time the adherents of the Catholic Socialist party were fairly numerous, at present it has little influence, and social democracy is spreading almost as rapidly in Catholic as in Protestant districts, notwithstanding the fact that the Centre or Catholic party in the Reichstag is beginning to pay more attention to working-class demands. The Christian Social party, founded by Dr. Stöcker in 1877, has devoted itself to the persecution of the Jews, while more recent attempts on the part of Pastor Todt and Dr. Paul Göhre to combat what they term the "inherent materialism" of social democracy have admittedly produced but little effect. The animosity existing between Catholics and Protestants, as well as dissensions within the Protestant Church, paralyzes anything like effectual action, and, compared to the influence of the great Social-Democratic party, that of religious socialism is infinitesimal. Moreover, it should be remembered that socialism is not merely a political creed or a party cry, but a philosophy and religion combined, in which the masses of Germany, largely insensible to any kind of supernatural religion, seem to place an almost superstitious faith.

The Social-Democratic party in Germany has no official connection with either the trades-union or co-operative movements, although it recognizes them as unconditionally necessary, and although many socialists are co-operators and trades-unionists, and *vice versa*. The party is mainly a revolutionary political organization which laughs to scorn the state socialism of Bismarck and the academic socialists, and makes fun of such expedients as national insurance and popular savings-banks. Its position was clearly defined by Bebel in a speech in the Reichstag, delivered in February, 1893. "We are," he said, "not only a revolutionary but also a progressive party—a party which is constantly learning, and which is in a perpetual state of intellectual 'moult.' The existing bourgeois society did not arise because people were convinced of its necessity and justice, but because economic development had rendered it inevitable. Bourgeois society first became possible after the feudal, and socialistic society first becomes possible after the bourgeois. We cannot artificially quicken the process of evolution, and have no wish so to do. One hundred years ago there was no social democracy because the conditions necessary to its existence had not then arisen; but now, unless you end bourgeois society itself, you cannot destroy social democracy, for the latter is a product of the former. We have nothing to do beyond enlightening the masses as to the real character of the present social order."

Social democracy continues to spread in Germany, as every fresh election testifies, and now the propaganda amongst the peasants, hitherto singularly ineffectual, is beginning to yield an electoral and financial return. The violent agrarian and anti-semitic campaigns carried on by the Conservatives are also preparing the popular mind—or, as the *Vorwärts* gracefully puts it, "manuring the field"—for the reception of the more logical and only one degree more revolutionary socialist doctrine. It is hazardous to attempt a forecast of the future of the movement, but should no unforeseen occurrence change the conditions of the political struggle, the Social-Democratic party will probably continue to increase, until the present factions in the Reichstag shall have been merged into a united conservative or non-socialist party on the one side, and a great democratic or socialist party on the other, between which the battle for the economic emancipation of the German proletariat will be fought out.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Among the pictures in the recent Royal Academy Exhibition which the London *Times* especially commends is Mr. Fildes's portrait of the Princess of Wales. The *Times* applauds the Princess for a departure from the habit of the royal ladies of the present reign, and a return to the practice of a hundred years ago, in permitting her portrait to be painted by "a leading English artist." It praises Mr. Fildes for painting his sitter without accessories of state, and simply as a lady in a plain black dress. Of the likeness it says, with conspicuous delicacy, that "the obvious criticism that will be passed by almost everybody is that Mr. Fildes has realized to the full, and perhaps even a little beyond the actual facts of the case, the miraculous manner in which the Princess preserves her youth; but this is surely a fault on the right side."

In a book called *Our American Cousins at Home*, Bianca Light, an English woman, who visited the United States in 1872, wrote: "The monthly magazines are far behind ours in interesting or well-written original stories and articles. There are a few high-class ones, such as the *Galaxy*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Old and New*, but just as the best 'editorials' are founded on leading articles in the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, or *Pall Mall Gazette*—as the best engravings in the illustrated papers are copied from our own—thus most of the magazines are made up of serial stories, and of selections taken from English periodicals."

Twenty years is a good while, and might be expected to bring great changes in a hustling young country like ours, but few things American have made greater progress in that space than the monthly magazines. Nothing would need to be said about them nowadays in an English woman's book of travels. They tell their own story to the English, as to the Americans. It was a London publisher who was quoted the other day as saying of them: "We do not make such magazines; we cannot afford to."

English books of travel in America have often been a trial to Yankee vanity, but put any of them on the shelf and let them season for a decade or two, and they will be sure, at a later reading, to furnish abundant food for our national self-conceit.

The plan for an American Academy seems to be swelling. It appears that the original idea of General Wallace was to have the distinction of a few American authors recognized by giving them special privileges in the Congressional Library. The later bill by Librarian Spofford provides for an Academy with a membership of twenty-five, representing art and science as well as literature. Mr. Richard M. Hunt, who favors the idea, criticises this plan as too narrow, and would have not less than two hundred members. Mr. Bronson Howard also seems to think the proposed membership too small, since he doubts whether it would be practicable to choose twenty-five living men of such conceded pre-eminence as to give the proposed body the authority necessary to its usefulness. Mr. Eastman Johnson thinks that there are existing organizations that serve the purpose of an Academy for artists, and Professor Rood, of Columbia, feels that the National Academy of Sciences, which has been in existence for thirty years, does very well for scientists. Men of influence are not going out of their way to cry down the new scheme, but it is apparent that among the men who would be likely to be the members of an American Academy the demand for one is not vociferous. Few people care very much one way or the other about an American Academy, and of course whether any one ever does care would depend not so much upon Congress as upon the academicians themselves, and on how far they succeeded in justifying their existence as an incorporated body.

There would be some sport and no great possibility of damage in making an Academy by act of Congress, but if Mr. Spofford's Academy is to have its meetings held in Washington, his bill should include a provision for paying handsomely for the attendance of members who come. Eminent persons, as a rule, are busy men, who might be reluctant to make gratuitous trips to Washington for purely ornamental purposes. Another thing—would Mr. Spofford's Academy have women members? That is worth considering.

Boston, with much to be proud of, lives fairly up to her opportunities for self-exaltation, and may be trusted to carry her head high over the renown of the decorations which Mr. John S. Sargeant has planned for her public library. Mr. Sargeant, whose portrait of Mrs. Hammersley was the artistic sensation of the London season last year, has hit the British public in the eye again with the fragment of this Boston decoration, which is his chief contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition. The work represents the aggregation of heathen deities whom the children of Israel worshipped when they "forgot God." Baal and Astaroth, Moloch and Astarte, are there, and others in a variety and number that do credit to the artist's Scripture reading. The London *Times* says that Mr. Sargeant has made them uglier than nature, and complains of the difficulty of judging decorative work out of place. Yet it calls the work "prodigiously clever and prodigiously modern," and is sure that its author "deserves and will win great praise." "In every way," writes the London correspondent of the *Evening Post*, "Mr. Sargeant's is the most important work of the year." So it is safe to say that when once this remarkable creation gets into place it will furnish New-Yorkers with that specific excuse, so necessary and so much coveted, for a journey to Boston, and the intellectual refreshment which traditionally ensues therefrom.

Mr. Du Maurier's reply to Mr. Whistler's complaint of being brought into *Trilby* without his consent is simply that he did not suppose that a man as fond of having fun with other people as Mr. Whistler is would be so violently indisposed to let a fellow-man have fun with him. Mr. Du Maurier recalls an occasion when Mr. Whistler's wit was exercised at his expense, and it had been taken in good part, and expresses surprise that Mr. Whistler should squirm so violently under good-natured retaliation in kind. He actually seems surprised and grieved at the violence of Mr. Whistler's letter to the *Pall Mall Budget*.

He ought to know his Whistler as well as any one does, but his expectations do not tally with the public impression of the ex-American's disposition. It is the exception when any eminent wit does not squirm when he finds himself at the butt end of a joke, and Mr. Whistler's restlessness in that position seems perfectly regular and to be expected. What is somewhat unexpected is that a man who delights as unaffectedly as Mr. Whistler does in making enemies should show so much temper when the chance is offered him to make a new one. No one but himself will take his grievance seriously. If there is a man in the world who is fair game for a satirist it is the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*.

There may be Americans who have not read the books of Captain Mahan, nor even heard them talked about by people who have read them, who will be at loss to account for the enthusiasm of the English over our countryman's achievements as an author. The circumstance that his fame should be so much greater in England than at home is not a fresh example of indifference to a prophet in his own country. There is a simple reason for it in the fact that Captain Mahan's subject is one of vital and incessant interest to Britishers, and of only secondary and intellectual interest to contemporary Americans. Great Britain's hopes are fixed and her money wagered upon the "influence of sea power," and when any one says anything especially edifying on that subject she makes it her business to listen. Her approval of what Captain Mahan has said is surprisingly frank and cordial. She delights to do him honor, and does not care who knows it.

The hospitality lately shown in England to the officers of the *Chicago* illustrates afresh the closeness of the relationship between the Americans and the English. The laudable sentiment that blood is thicker than water, and that, being cousins, we must always love one another, enters so often nowadays into international after-dinner speeches that it is a considerable rhetorical achievement to get it into such a form that it will not sound so stereotyped as to make the hearers grin. Perhaps in the course of time, if we continue to avoid serious differences with Great Britain, the mutual regard of the two nations will come to be taken for granted, and it will not be necessary to reaffirm it with quite so much persistence. It really does not need such reiterated oratorical demonstration, for it is based on substantial facts—a common language, an acquaintance that is fast ripening into intimacy, and interests so interlaced by British investments in American securities, by trade, and by American investments in British peers, country places, newspapers, and the like, that a serious row would be attended by such loss and inconvenience to both sides as would be out of all proportion to any advantage that either could hope to gain. Perhaps, if contemporary international speakers were to dwell more on the material obstacles to a falling out between our cousins and us, and somewhat less on the sentimental ties that hold us together, harmony would be as much promoted as now, and the speeches might sound newer.

The attention of persons with a propensity for desirable corner lots is called to Jerusalem, which is reported to be enjoying the most considerable "boom" it has experienced since the time of the crusades, and possibly since its siege by Titus. Buildings of various sorts are constantly going up there, the trade in land is brisk, the suburbs are developing, and a new public garden has been completed outside of the Jaffa gate. A sign of significant promise is the large and steady influx of Jews into the venerable city. A city that can attract Jews may or may not have a past, but it is pretty sure to have prospects of a future. And yet it should be remarked that most of the forty thousand Jews at present in Jerusalem are reported to be exceedingly poor, and glad of the smallest assistance in keeping body and soul together.

E. S. Martin.

FROZEN AIR AND COUNT RUMFORD.

A most remarkable step in the recent progress of science is the freezing of air. It produces an ice that may be handled and felt, and burns with excessive cold. It can now be made by the gallon, but its cost is five hundred dollars for one, and of course is not likely to be in general use. German and English chemists have long been laboring on the rare experiment of freezing gases, and at last the nitrogen and oxygen that make up the air we breathe have been made as solid as frozen water. Their object was to produce a cold so intense that no fluid could exist in it, and they did this by the sudden evaporation of ethylene, an explosive gas. But Professor Dewar, of the Royal Institution of London, has been even more successful. And it is well to remember that the Royal Institution was founded by an American, Count Rumford, a New Hampshire boy, and that the wonderful labors of Davy, Faraday, Huxley, and their associates in magnetism and electricity have been suggested and fostered by the influence of that remarkable man. But for Count Rumford the world would have wanted many of its modern improvements.

The aim of Professor Dewar was to reach a degree of cold equal to 296° below zero. He surrounded the oxygen he wished to use by a perfect vacuum, so that no heat could come from the ever-moving particles of the atmosphere outside. He then produced his sudden evaporation, and the warm air of the lecture-room was turned into liquid ice. The process is a costly and laborious one. All the gases have now been reduced to a frozen condition except hydrogen, which no degree of cold has been able to condense. It is supposed that this gas is metallic in its nature, and immovable water therefore is the rust of hydrogen. By the new process a degree of cold has been reached never known in nature. Near the arctic circle 70° below zero has been felt and borne by explorers. Professor Dewar has obtained 328° below freezing-point; it is even expected that the scale may be lowered to 460° below—a point at which all life and motion must cease. It is supposed that the rarefied air of the spaces between the earth and the stars may reach this degree of cold, or that it may exist in the lifeless moon. Thus in the Royal Institution founded by an American are produced year after year the rarest results of scientific research.

Eugene Lawrence.

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European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

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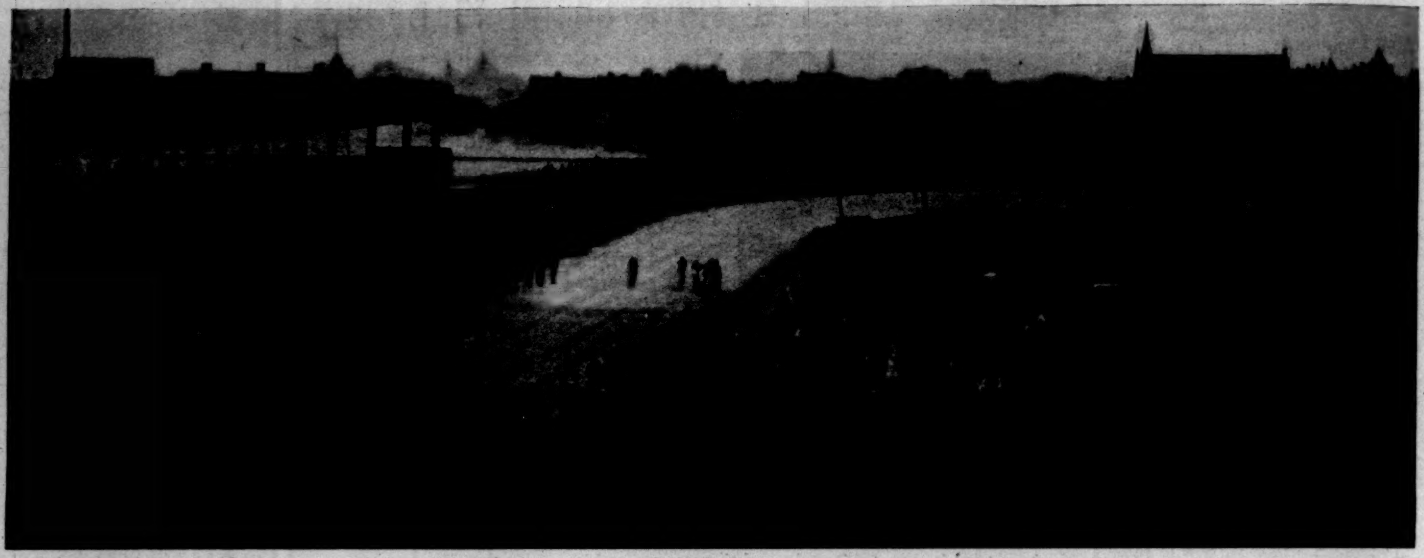


WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEETING ON THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION GROUNDS.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE UNIVERSITY TRACK ATHLETIC SEASON, opening with the Harvard-Yale games at New Haven, May 12th, and closing with the first meeting of the Western Inter-collegiate Association, in Chicago, June 2d, has left altogether the most notable record of the last several record-breaking years. Not that actual track records were so generally bettered, though the Inter-collegiate meeting established four new ones, but in no year have the figures of individual results throughout the entire list of entries approached those of 1894. In the sprints, middle distances, mile run, and both hurdles the quality of general performance was remarkably good, especially in the last. It is only five years ago that Herbert Mapes put the records of the high at $16\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, and the low at $26\frac{3}{5}$, figures that were considered exceedingly clever at that time. Nowadays the hurdler who cannot better those times has no pretensions to first class, while a host of so-called second-rate men do as well as did our best formerly.

IN THE FIELD EVENTS the general improvement of men has been equally as great, though not so often remarked by spectators because of the much smaller number of competitors than obtains in the track events.

As for number of entries, and I speak particularly of the Eastern Inter-collegiate Association, they have swelled to proportions that are nothing short of embarrassing, while the championships have become an event that has grown altogether unwieldy on present methods, and with the degree of executive ability we have seen on the managing committees of the past two years. This year an effort was made to attain more successful and speedy results at the meeting by holding the trial heats of some of the track and field events in the morning, but the enormous number of entries and the lack of management on the part of the Games Committee frustrated the attempt, and the games, beginning at eleven in the morning, were not decided until nearly eight o'clock in the evening. But for the fact that the important officials had been chosen from such tried veterans as W. B. Curtis, referee, S. J. Cornell, clerk of the course, and W. De Bostwick, assistant, the games might have been going on yet. As it was, the number and incompetency of the college men delayed matters materially.

If this meeting is to continue successful, from both the athletes' and spectators' point of view, some radical changes must be made.

First of all, it is absolutely essential that the members of the Association should be chosen from the older college undergraduates, and only those elected who are known to possess some executive ability. There is no question that it is unwise to appoint boys who are utterly without the qualifications necessary to conduct such an important meeting. The championships cannot be run on the happy-go-lucky plan that obtains at the individual college meetings; they must be managed on a businesslike basis, and by young men fitted to the undertaking.

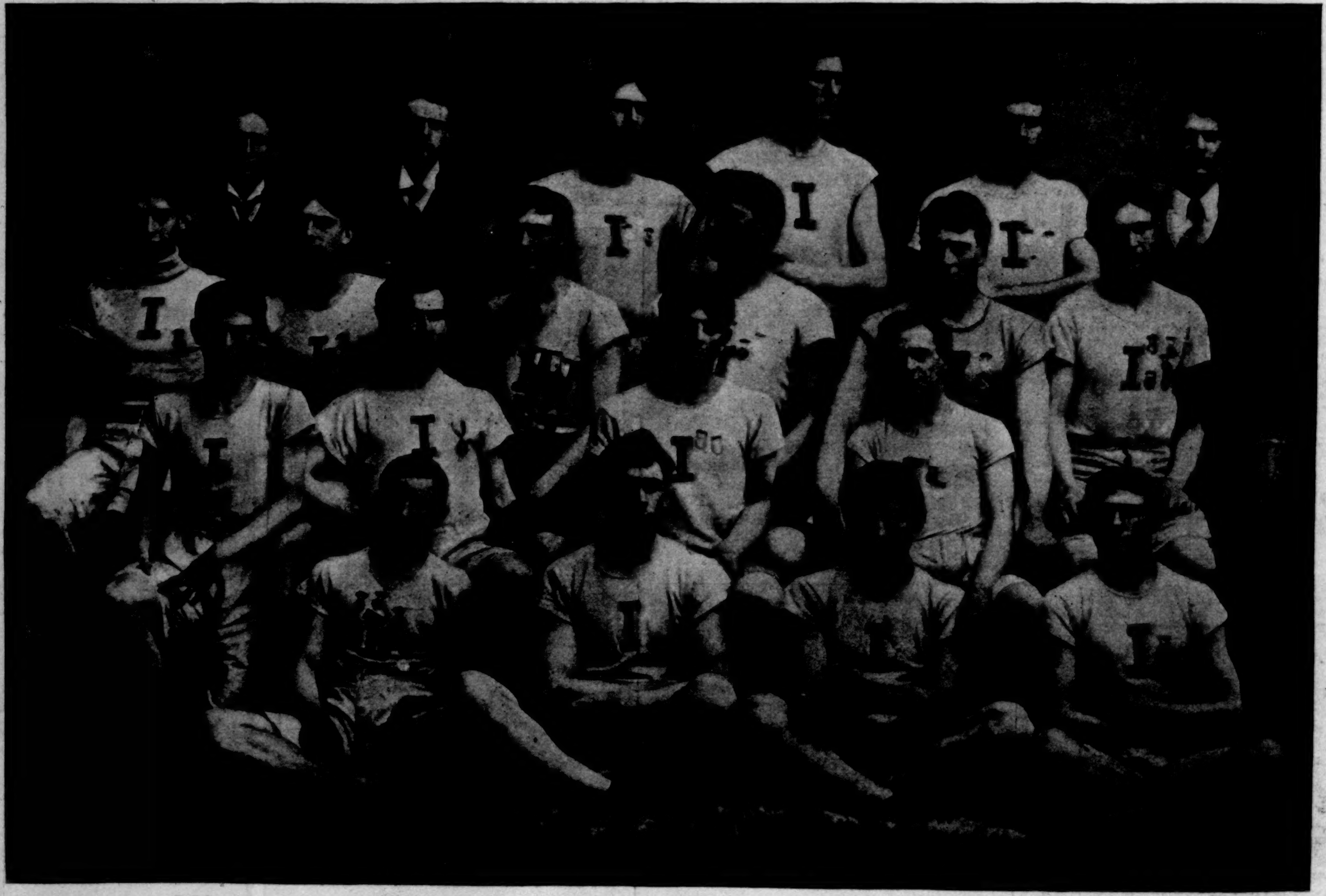
THE NEXT IMPORTANT MATTER for consideration is that of limiting the number of entries in the different events. I have suggested before now that only such entries should be accepted by the Games Committee as had reached a certain fixed standard, and that every college of the Association should be required to hold games on its grounds a certain length of time before the championships, to determine upon its team. This would by no means lessen the general athletic spirit among the competitors, nor detract from the interest of the undergraduate body. In fact, I believe it would enhance them, for it would give each college a set of annual games with a purpose, and the athletes would be quite as keen to reach the standard, in order that they might be chosen to represent their *alma mater*, as they are under the present arrangement. With the prevailing system of counting points, three ought to be the limit a university should start in any event. Indeed, I believe a still better method would be to cease counting thirds, and in that event starters could be restricted to two.

In times gone by, when Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia furnished practically all the starters, there was no need of weeding the entries; but those days will never return, and Pennsylvania and Cornell are leading an athletic movement among what have been known as the provincial universities that is sweeping in a half-dozen smaller ones, heretofore known only as occasional competitors. The result will be, unless some prohibitory measures are taken, an overwhelming number of starters, that will drag the championships out to a wearisome length, disgust the spectators, and finally end in the larger colleges drawing out and remaining content with their dual leagues, of which a number are already existing.

We ought to have an inter-collegiate championship, but it should be confined to college champions and seconds, then would it be indeed an interesting and successful meeting.

THERE ARE TWO OTHER MATTERS that demand the legislative attention of the Inter-collegiate Association—one,

C. Bennett, Medical Director. R. H. Evans, Manager. F. M. McElfresh. C. D. Beebe L. D. Brode. E. K. Hall, Director of Athletics.
M. C. Chattan. C. C. Rayburn. A. C. Clark. L. H. Fouts. D. Sweeny. C. M. Lewis.



R. C. Donaghue. G. H. Root. S. Schneck. W. H Clark.
F. J. Weedman. Ed. Banenbach. Ed. Burke. G. W. McCaskrin.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM.
Winners of the Western Inter-Collegiate Championship, Chicago, June 2, 1894.

clearing the inner field of the mass of college men who gain admission on press tickets, or because at one time or another they wore a spiked shoe, or because they have a "pull" with the Games Committee; the other, insisting on all competitors wearing decent costumes. Rowing shirts on track athletes are as unnecessary to the best performance of the men as they are distasteful to spectators. It is positively indecent that men should be permitted to loll about, exposing half their side and all of their armpit to a grand stand filled with young girls. It is altogether surprising that Yale should permit such apparel, and yet its team is uniformly so costumed. Harvard is the only college that insists on its team wearing the quarter-sleeved shirts. Rowing shirts are bad enough in all conscience; but to see men in costumes permissible only in gymnasia, where women are not admitted, is simply disgraceful. The executive committee should make proper costuming at its championships compulsory. Indeed, the Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, and other university athletic associations should pass such a rule without prompting.

As for the horde of "rooters" and "heelers" that swarm over the inner field, they interfere with the work of the press reporters and obstruct the view of spectators. Nay, more, they are a menace to good sport, their coaching of competitors and annoyance of officials have decidedly unwholesome tendencies, and their manipulation of starters at the mark has more than once led to unpleasantries that are entirely out of place on an amateur track, where gentlemen are supposed to predominate.

TALKING HORSE.

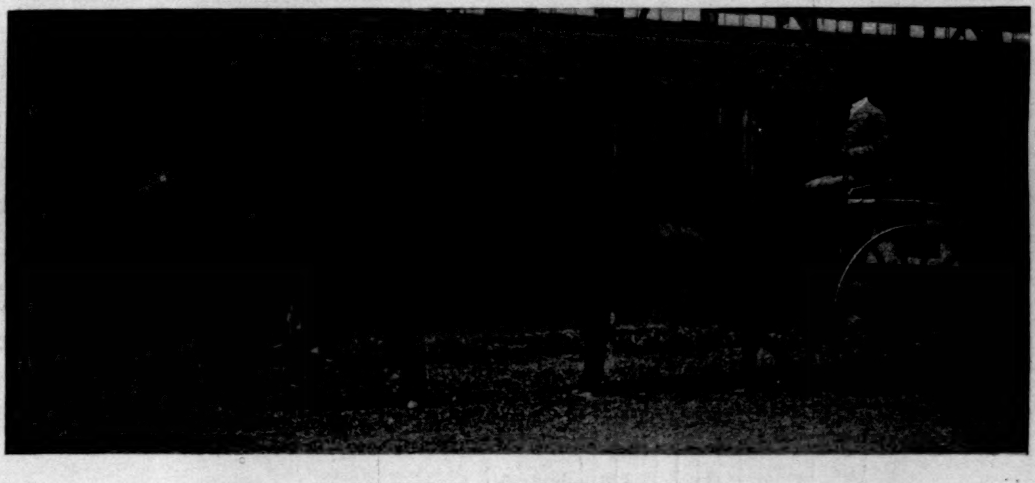
HIGH-PRICED HACKNEYS.

It is rather late to comment in detail on the Intercollegiate championships, or the Harvard-Yale and Princeton-Columbia games, and the tables herewith will furnish all necessary information, and prove the record for which they are published. The championships were notable chiefly for the excellent showing of Pennsylvania, which nearly doubled at this meeting the largest number of points it ever won. No university in America has made so great an advance in athletics in the last three years as Pennsylvania; from a condition that was little above mediocrity its football eleven, crew, and athletic team have in one wide stride reached a degree of skill that in football and athletics is not far removed from the best, while the crew, though yet inferior to Yale, Harvard, and Cornell, is steadily improving on the right lines. Its baseball has always been of a high order. If now it will pursue with equal diligence the ethics of college amateur sport as laid down by its graduate advisers, there will indeed be much cause for Pennsylvania to be proud of its athletic progress.

Never before has Cornell sent a team to the championships that in number and general performance approached that of this year. Cornell deserves every compliment it receives, for what with its lack of traditions and the difficulty of getting in touch with other colleges owing to its distant location, it has had a mighty struggle. Rowing it has always had, in football and baseball a really excellent standard has been reached in very recent years, and now the athletic interests are well on the way.

Although Columbia's points in the championships were very few, yet none the less is the college entitled to praise. In the days of our adolescence Columbia was a mighty power in track athletics, and sustained its position to within half a dozen years ago, when Herbert and Victor Mapes, McIlvaine, Collis, and Vosburgh were the last of a long and famous list of names that had carried the blue and white to victory. With the outgoing of these men Columbia ceased to be a factor in the championships, only winning 19 points in 91, 10 in 92, and touching the bottom last year by scoring not one. It was when forlorn hope had fled that the old spirit reasserted itself, and Columbia went to work vigorously this year to build up the shattered athletic interest. It has worked hard, and while nothing great was done in the matter of scoring, much has been accomplished in the search and development of material. Situated in the city, Columbia has labored under great disadvantage, but with the occupation of the new site up the Harlem I shall look for the dawning of another successful athletic era. Even in the season just finished were untiring efforts rewarded; for the first time since the arrangement was made in '92 they defeated Princeton, May 19th, in their dual games, 61 to 50. The scores of the other years, Princeton winning, were: 1892, 70-42; '93, 63-49.

But what shall we say of Princeton, that with trainers, the most complete equipment of any college in the country, and every natural advantage, has been going from bad to worse for the last three seasons, and this year, with a team as large as any ever sent down, actually failed to score a solitary point. Whatever may be the trouble, whether a lack of spirit or improper handling, which seems hardly possible with two such accomplished trainers to look after the athletes as Jack McMasters and George Goldie, it needs immediate attention. It may be that athletic interest has been concentrated on football and baseball, but if so Princeton is too large a college to fall into such provincial weakness. It looks more like a lack of the proper spirit in the



MR. J. E. WIDENER AND HIS BEST TANDEM.

LUNCHEON ON A BREAK.

THE PROMENADE.

undergraduates. Princeton should follow Yale's example, which, only a few years ago greatly inferior to Harvard, by united and determined effort and the Yale spirit developed a team that has won the championship two consecutive years and defeated Harvard in their dual games this year for the first time.

THE FOURTH HARVARD-YALE DUAL track athletic meeting was notable chiefly because of the very strong showing made by Yale, and in some instances in events where they had in previous contests been the weakest. They won first, second, and third in the shot-putting, hammer-throwing, and pole vaulting, an unparalleled record in games between the two, besides which first in the running broad jump, half-mile and mile run, mile walk, two-mile bicycle, and running broad jump. Despite this brilliant record, however, the all-round strength of Harvard is shown by the fact that of the 14 events and 112 possible points, they secured 53 against Yale's 59. It was far and away the closest and most exciting contest ever decided in this country, the result hanging in the balance up to the very last. Possession of the cup was really settled by the broad jump and the struggle between Sheldon of Yale and Bloss of Harvard. Bloss was counted a certain winner by Harvard, and has performed sufficiently well (when nothing depended on it) to warrant a belief in his bettering 21 ft. 9½, at which Sheldon won, but 21.8 was the best he could do. Had he jumped an inch and a half farther Harvard would have tied Yale's score and retained the cup—so that the day was actually won by 1½ inches and Sheldon's reliability. Two very plucky performances were those of Sanford in the quarter and Coolidge in the mile. Woodhull's win in the half-mile, 1.59⅕, after a splendidly judged race, and J. L. Bremer's (Harvard, '95) 220-yard hurdles in 24⅘ sec., a world's record which is not likely to stand because of a good breeze that was blowing at his back throughout the distance, added to the brilliancy of the meeting. The scores of Harvard-Yale meetings previous to this year have been (Harvard winning): 1891, 85-27; '92, 61-51; '93, 67-45.

THE FIRST MEETING of the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, in Chicago, June 2d, marks an epoch in Western amateur sport. It gives a guarantee that the development which has been making in the last few years will henceforth go forward on better, more wholesome lines, and result in a more healthful condition for athletics throughout the great middle West.

It is quite impossible for an Eastern man to realize, without getting into touch with it, just how earnest and wide-spreading has been the athletic development in the West during the past three years. We have been made more familiar with football's advance, probably, on account of its qualities for attracting spectators, and the consequent notice it has received in the daily press. Baseball, too, has been brought to our notice for somewhat similar reasons. But of track athletics we have heard very little, and learned less, and yet the progress has been very steady. It has not been the popular onward march that has attended the more sport-giving football and baseball, but the colleges and schools have kept hard at work, and that they have labored to some purpose the records published here will convince.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY DIFFICULTIES to overcome, chief of which is the widely separated location of the colleges, the indifference of alumni to the growing athletic demands of the *alma mater*, and the lack of public support, either in sentiment or at the gates. Consequently the development has all been going on quietly, though none the less earnestly, at the several colleges, each in fact forming an athletic world of its own. It may be supposed that, working out their own athletic salvation in this way, having only slight acquaintance with the methods that obtain in the Eastern universities, without traditions, and almost as wanting in precepts, there should have been scant appreciation of the ethics of amateur sport. It must be remembered that a great majority of these Western colleges draw their undergraduates from districts of the great States where the difference between amateur and professional is scarcely understood, and only half grasped when first expounded.

IT HAS NOT BEEN SURPRISING, therefore, that the amateur standard, as it obtains in our more enlightened Eastern colleges, has not been maintained universally either in football, baseball, or track athletics. I am writing more particularly of a couple of years ago. In the past year there has been a great and general improvement. Association with Eastern college men and a better understanding of the ethics of sport have worked considerably to the elevation of the athletic tone. It can no longer be said that Western college men do not understand that an amateur is one who participates in sport for sport's sake only, and that dishonesty in sport is as reprehensible as in trade. However, the refining process drags somewhat, and a few of the universities continue to be gross offenders in both the spirit and letter of the law, in baseball particularly. The University of Michigan, which appears to be the least amenable to reform of all the Western colleges, so far forgot both self-respect and athletic honor as to enter in track games several men who were not eligible.

BUT THE GOOD WORK IS GOING ON, and no single man has done more to keep it up than A. A. Stagg, the old Yale athlete, who is now Director of Physical Culture at the Chicago University. Thus it is that this first inter-collegiate meeting bears so importantly on the welfare of Western athletics. Heretofore there has been no recognized organization to protect nor a common tribunal to punish.

Very largely to the efforts of H. S. Cornish, the present manager of the Chicago Athletic Association, is due the credit for this first meeting, as it was he who suggested it, and he who by getting the colleges together brought it to a practical and, by a skilful handling, a successful issue.

The games were thoroughly interesting from every point of view—close contests, excellent performances, track and field in the best of condition, and good management, as may be judged by the fact that, beginning at two, they were over at five, with 420 entries and 182 starters. The class of spectators was high, and altogether the meeting was exceedingly creditable, and should give the earnest workers for honest, clean amateur sport in the West great encouragement. The points, counted as in the East, resulted as follows.

	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Total.
University of Illinois	6	2	1	35
University of Wisconsin	1	5	6	21
State University of Iowa	3	1	2	19
University of Chicago	2	0	0	10
Iowa College	1	2	1	10
University of Michigan	1	0	0	5
Northwestern University	0	2	0	4
Lake Forest University	0	1	1	3
Oberlin College	0	1	0	2
Eureka College	0	0	1	1
University of Kansas	0	0	1	1

Beloit, Christian Brothers, Cooper Memorial, Notre Dame, Ohio Wesleyan, St. Albans Military Academy, Wheaton, and Washington also competed.

On the evening of the meeting, which had been held under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic Association, the Western Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Association was formally organized by the following universities: Illinois, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, State University of Iowa, Iowa College, Oberlin, Notre Dame, Christian Brothers, Eureka, St. Albans. Illinois was given the honor of electing a president from its undergraduates, Wisconsin vice-president, Chicago University secretary, and Michigan treasurer. They adopted the Eastern Association rules, after making some excellent changes—among others, that starters in each event should be limited to three from each university, the amateur definition to be retroactive, all entries certified to by faculty, and one must have been a student since January 15th of the year (the meeting being held the last of May, and always in Chicago); bicycle race changed to one mile, and order of field events made hammer and shot, and not shot and hammer, as in Eastern.

Besides this Association, there is one composed of Purdue, De Pauw, Rose Polytechnic, Terre Haute, Christian Brothers, Washington University, Butler, and Wabash, that intend holding a meeting next year. Then there is, in addition, a triangular league between Lake Forest, Northwestern, and Chicago, and dual leagues between Purdue and Illinois, State University of Iowa and Iowa College, and Wisconsin and Michigan; besides which Wisconsin, which is the farthest advanced in boating, and intends putting a rowing tank next year as an addition to the $150,000 gymnasium they already have, is about to enter into a dual arrangement with University of Tennessee in that branch of sport.

THE HARVARD AND YALE CREWS are settling in their New London quarters as we go to press, and the coming week's work will be one of the most important of the season, particularly for Harvard. There is but slight improvement to record in the crimson boat; the time remains poor, and the men cannot get above thirty strokes to the minute without becoming ragged; indeed, they cannot always be depended on to reach that number smoothly. The catch is slow and uneven, the oars carried too high, and the slides started too soon. Compared with Harvard, Yale has a finished eight, but there is nevertheless some work for the coachers to do before the shell travels steadily and as rapidly as it ought to do. Just now the boat has a kind of squirming movement, showing that the men are not getting their power on together. They must do some clean and hard rowing to put pace on a boat that carries so much beef; the average weight has dropped to 171.

After winning the Harvard series and beating Brown, 4-3, Princeton captured the second Yale game, 4-2, Saturday, finishing a hard and creditable week's work. Princeton's battery may be said to have won the Harvard game, while superb fielding, Captain Mackenzie's two home runs, as well as the general batting of the nine, more than counterbalanced Carter's clever work in the box, and won the Yale game. It will be close for the final and championship, with Princeton's chances the better.

THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW at Philadelphia last week proved beyond peradventure that this event has ceased to be an experiment and become an established fixture.

As carrying out its name in every sense of the word there

1894 INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Event.*	Yale.	Harvard.	Univ. of Penn.	Cornell.	Wesleyan.	Amherst.	Union.	C. C. of N. Y.	Columbia.	Williams.	Winner.		Performance.	Inter-collegiate Record.
100 yards			6							2	Ramsdell, Patterson, Bucholtz.		10 sec.	10 sec., L. H. Cary, Princeton.
220 "	2		5						1		Ramsdell, Pond, Small.		22 "	21 4-5 " " " "
Quarter-mile run	2	6									Merrill, Sanford, Marshall.		50 2-5 "	49 1-2 " G. B. Shattuck, Amh., '92.
Half "	2	1					5				Kilpatrick, Woodhull, Vincent.		1 m. 59 1-5 "	1 m. 57 1-5 " W. C. Dohm, Princeton, '90.
One "	2		1		5						Jarvis, Morgan, Orton.	†	4 " 26 4-5 "	4 " 29 4-5 " C. O. Wells, Amherst, '91.
One-mile walk	2	1				5					Houghton, Thrall, Drew.		7 " 14 3-5 "	6 " 52 4-5 " F. H. Borcherling, Prin., '93.
120-yard hurdles	5	3									Cady, Garcelon, Coonley.		16 "	15 4-5 " H. L. Williams, Yale, '91.
220 "	2	6									Bremer, Cady, Jameson.		25 1-5 "	25 1-5 " " " "
2-mile bicycle	1			2				5			Goodman, Gorbey, Glenny.	†	5 " 18 1-5 "	6 " 4-5 " R. H. Davis, Harvard, '91.
Running high jump		5 1-4	1-4	2					1-4		Paine, Becker.	‡	5 ft. 10 1-2 in.	6 ft. G. R. Fearing, Harvard, '93.
" broad "		2	5						1		Ramsdell, Bloss, Bijur.	§	22 " 1 "	22 " 11 1-4 in., Victor Mapes, Columbia, '91.
Pole vault	5		2								Kershow, Bucholtz, Conrow.		10 " 9 "	10 " 9 3-4 " E. W. Ryder, Yale, '91.
16-lb. hammer	7			1							Hickok, Chadwick, Patterson.	ǁ †	123 " 9 "	107 " 7 1-2 " J. R. Finlay, Harvard, '91.
16-lb. shot	7		1								Hickok, Brown, Knipe.	†	42 "	40 " 9 1-2 " A. B. Coxe, Yale, '87.
	37	24 1-4	20 1-4	5	5	5	5	5	2 1-4	2				

Swarthmore got one point in pole vault, and Brown a quarter in high jump; Princeton did not win a point.
Last year Yale won first and 47 1-3 points; Harvard, 34 2-3; University of Pennsylvania, 11; and Princeton, 10.
* First place counts five points; second, two; and third, one. † New inter-collegiate record. ‡ Bloss (Harvard), McComber (Brown), Leslie (U. of P.), Burke (Columbia), tied for third at 5 ft. 9 in; divided point and tossed for medal, Burke winning. § Bloss and Bijur tied for second at 21 ft. 3 1-2 in., and in the jump-off Bloss won the place by a performance of 21 ft. 10 in. ǁ Thrown for first time under new rule permitting seven-foot run.

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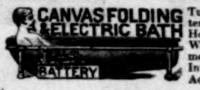

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COMPARATIVE TABLE OF RECORDS MADE AT THE FIRST EASTERN AND THE WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEETINGS, ALSO RECORDS OF NEW ENGLAND INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AND OF SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES OF THE SOUTHERN A.A.U. ASSOCIATION.

Eastern Inter-collegiate, 1876.		Western Inter-collegiate, June 2, 1894.	Southern Association A.A.U., May 19, 1894.	New England I.A.A. Records.	
Event.	Performance.	Performance.	Performance.	Performance.	Holder.
100 yards dash	11 sec.	10 1-5 sec.	10 1-5 sec.	10 1-4 sec.	Patterson, Williams, '93.
220 " "	23 1-2 " *	22 2-5 "	22 2-5 "	22 3-5 "	Ide, Dartmouth, '92.
440 " "	56 "	51 2-5 "	53 "	51 1-5 "	Rockwell, Massachusetts Tech., '94.
Half-mile run	2 m. 16 1-2 "	2 m. 3 2-5 "	2 m. 9 1-2 "	2 m. 1 2-5 "	Dadman, Worcester, '91.
One-mile "	4 " 58 1-2 "	4 " 38 3-5 "	5 " 2 1-5 "	4 " 32 1-5 "	Jarvis, Wesleyan, '93.
One-mile walk	8 " 7 1-2 "	7 " 41 "	8 " 38 "	7 " 15 3-5 "	Houghton, Amherst, '94.
120 yards hurdles	18 1-4 "	16 2-5 "	....	16 "	Chase, Dartmouth, '94.
220 " "	26 4-5 " †	26 1-5 "	....	26 "	Ide, Dartmouth, '93,
Running high jump	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 6 1-4 in.	5 ft. 9 in.	Abbott, Dartmouth, '92.
" broad "	18 " 3 1-2 "	21 "	21 " 1 1-2 "	22 " 2 3-8 "	Marvel, Brown, '94.
Putting 16-lb. shot	30 " 11 1-2 "	38 " 4 "	....	38 " 3 1-2 "	Alexander, Amherst, '93.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer	75 " 10 " ‡	100 " 10 " §	108 " 2 " §	109 " 10 "	Smith, Brown, '94.
Pole vault	7 " 9 "	10 "	10 " 3 1-2 "	10 " 9 "	Towne, Williams, '92.
One-mile bicycle race	....	2 m. 46 4-5 sec.	2 m. 53 3-5 sec.	... .	....
Two-mile " "	7 m. 57 sec. †	....	....	5 m. 50 2-5 sec.	Marmon, Massachusetts Tech., '94.

* Done in 1880. † Done in 1888. ‡ Done in 1877, event not on '76 programme; hammer thrown without a run. § Seven-foot run.
The Southern Association had also a 5-mile run, won in 31 m. 7 1-2 sec.; 56-lb. weight, won by throw of 24 ft. 6 in.; and running hop, step, and jump, won by 41 ft. 5 1-2 in.

is no comparison between an in-door and out-door horse show. It is really only in the latter that the horse may be put through his paces without the embarrassment of bewildering scenes of one kind and another, and sincerely it is to be regretted that New York voted only for the fashionable in-door affair, for Philadelphia has given practical evidence of the value and pleasure-giving of the open-air show. That of last week was ably managed—an improvement born of the experience of last year—and, despite unpropitious weather, liberally patronized. The entries averaged higher class than in either of the two former shows, and the turning out in the harness classes was, with a few insignificant exceptions, faultless. This much do these annual shows do for us in addition to improving our cattle.

The great attraction of the week was the four-in-hand driving, in which such well-known Philadelphia whips as Colonel Morrell, Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, and Barclay Warburton contested, the first winning in the road class and the last in a special class for skill with the ribbons only. The thoroughbred classes were small, though the individual were good. It seems as though we should have learned our lesson by this time and increased this class, but each succeeding show tells the same story. There were no end of hackneys, and a gratifying and good exhibition of half-breeds, proving that breeders are putting this type to more practical use than mere display of knee-and-hock action in the ring. Cadet retained his laurels as the champion stallion, despite a recent importation—Sunlight, by Mr. Logan.

The hunter and saddle class entries appeared to be somewhat mixed, the one animal in several instances doing double service. It seems curious that show-managers do not lay down plain rules for those who know no better. The entries averaged only fair. As usual, trotters filled the roadster class. Generally speaking, it was a good show, and an improvement on what has been. Let us keep on in the same way.

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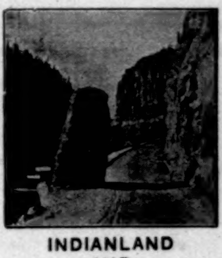

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